

little village

Iowa City's News & Culture Magazine • October 16-31, 2001



FREE!

Poet With a Hammer

Chuck Miller

pg 4



**Sex as a
weapon**

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**Weirdoes
on parade**

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**A Swedish
Beatles**

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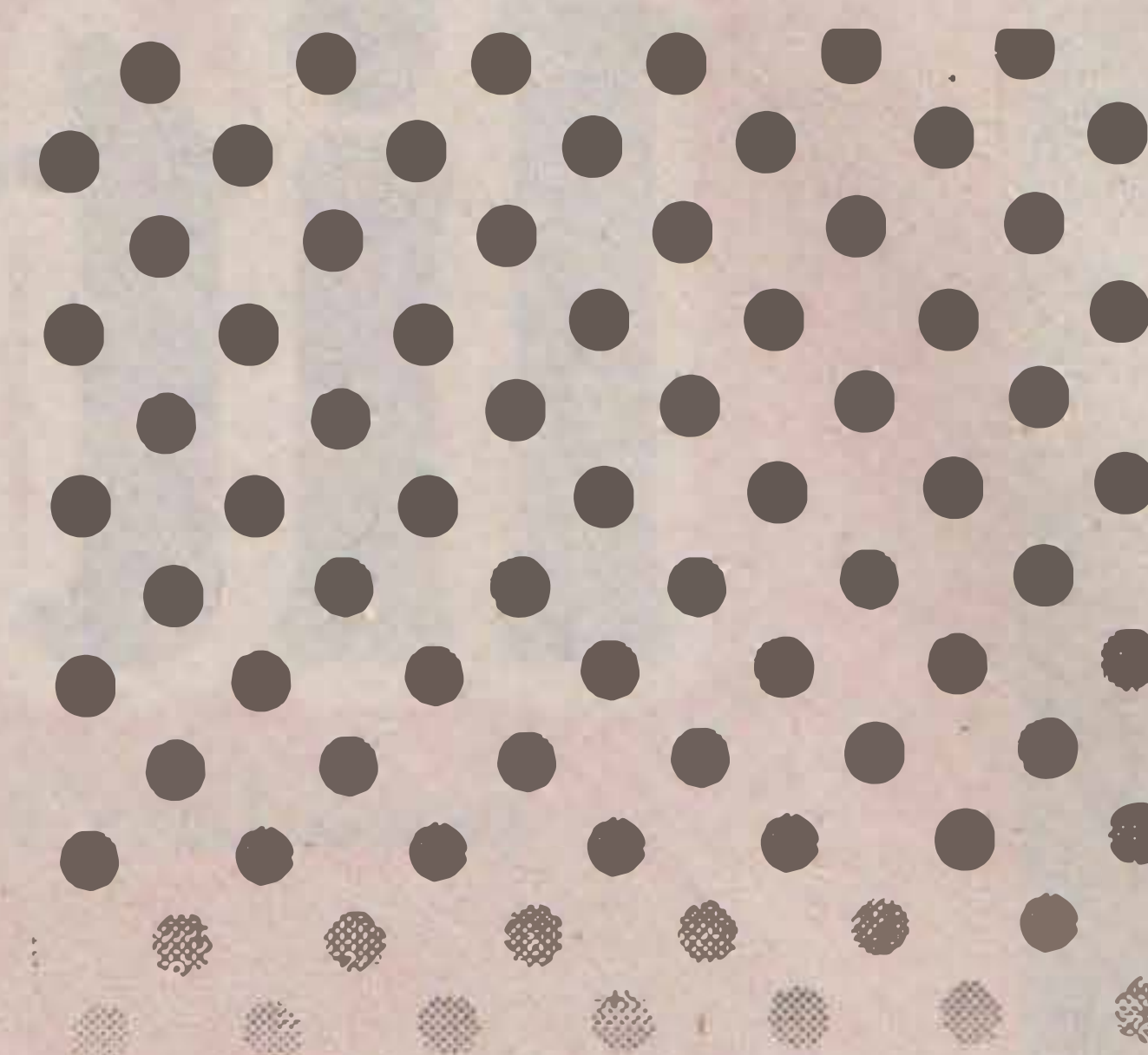
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Poet With a Hammer

You've probably seen him playing chess on the Ped Mall, looking like a down-on-his-luck sea captain or a slightly elfish Hemingway. Maybe you've overheard or even sat privy to one of his discourses on social-class structure. Either way, as much as you'd like to, you can't escape his words. In these troubled times, Iowa City writer Lizabeth Carpenter checks in with her old friend, the radical poet and human bullshit detector, Chuck Miller.



A brazen update

New translation of Greek comedy gets Iowa City world premiere

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Little Village welcomes your signed letters. Letters should not be longer than 400 words and may be edited for length, libelous content and clarity. Letters may be e-mailed to little-village@usa.net or mailed to PO Box 736, Iowa City, IA 52244. Please include a daytime phone number and city of residence. Letters and other submissions become the property of Little Village and will not be returned without an SASE. We look forward to hearing from you.

Home work schemes

These schemes offer consumers the opportunity to make large amounts of money quickly and with almost no effort. Often they involve working from home using your PC. These schemes sometimes take the form of email processing: the Internet version of envelope-stuffing where consumers are paid to send letters or reports to large numbers of other consumers. They can also involve scheme-selling, where consumers are given a lot of information about how much money a scheme will make them and asked to buy a booklet or information page which will tell them how to do it. (In many cases, the scam operator's so-called 'information page' simply tells the victims to use the same scam on other consumers). Usually they ask you to pay a registration or set-up fee before they provide you with the basics to set up the business. The most common concerns about these ventures are that they often dramatically overstate the achievable earnings and commonly they are vehicles to sell large numbers of low-quality or worthless products to consumers who are then unable to on-sell them. Protect yourself: Ask for proof that the project earnings are reasonable. Don't make up-front payments for starter kits or information packages. Get legal advice before you invest.

Source: http://www.accc.gov.au/ecom2/consu_info.htm#home

Good Advices

Not to be confused with a regular advice column, *Good Advices* dispenses wisdom gathered from both the distant winds and local gurus and experts. If you have some good advice on pretty much any topic, call or email us with it. If, on the other hand, you need advice, do the same and we'll see what we can do.

Becoming a private investigator

Q. What should I do to get started?

"Talk to investigators. Talk to attorneys. Basically, do a background. Find out what it's like to be an investigator. Find out about the area you want to go into. Everything today is very specialized. For instance, an investigator I work with up in New York only works on patent fraud. If you want to do patent fraud, get your MBA. Study engineering. My cousin is an arson investigator. He has a chemical and technical background. Someone who wants to start out in this field, yes, go for it!

It's not a shadowing profession. It's not Sam Spade, it's a good energetic, interesting, productive way of contributing and making a living. You're doing the first thing you should do which is research."

- Linnea Sinclair Bernadino

Q. What advice do you have for a young person just coming out of high school?

"Take a course in criminal justice to learn what the system is all about. Take journalism. If you take two years of criminal justice and two years of journalism, you'll be an ideal candidate. Learn about photography, because we're in the business where not only do we have to produce the information, we have to show proof of it, and the proof is in photography. Learn about the video equipment that's being employed now."

- Bob Brown

Q. Do female investigators perform as well as males?

"Women can do a lot more. We're not intimidating to people; we can serve process a lot easier. I would open my door to a woman as opposed to a man. People will spill their guts to a woman when they won't give a man the time of day. We're sweet and nice and we're not out to hurt anyone."

- Pat Beltrante

Source: <http://www.secretsoftoprivateeyes.com/advice.htm>

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THIS MODERN WORLD

by TOM TOMORROW

WE HERE AT ACTION MCNEWS FEEL IT IS IMPORTANT TO UNDERSTAND WHAT COULD POSSIBLY DRIVE THESE TERRORISTS TO COMMIT SUCH MONSTROUS CRIMES AGAINST HUMANITY--



--TO EXAMINE THEIR BELIEFS AND PUT THEM IN HISTORICAL CONTEXT SO THAT WE MIGHT AVOID A REPEAT OF THE TERRIBLE EVENTS OF SEPTEMBER 11.



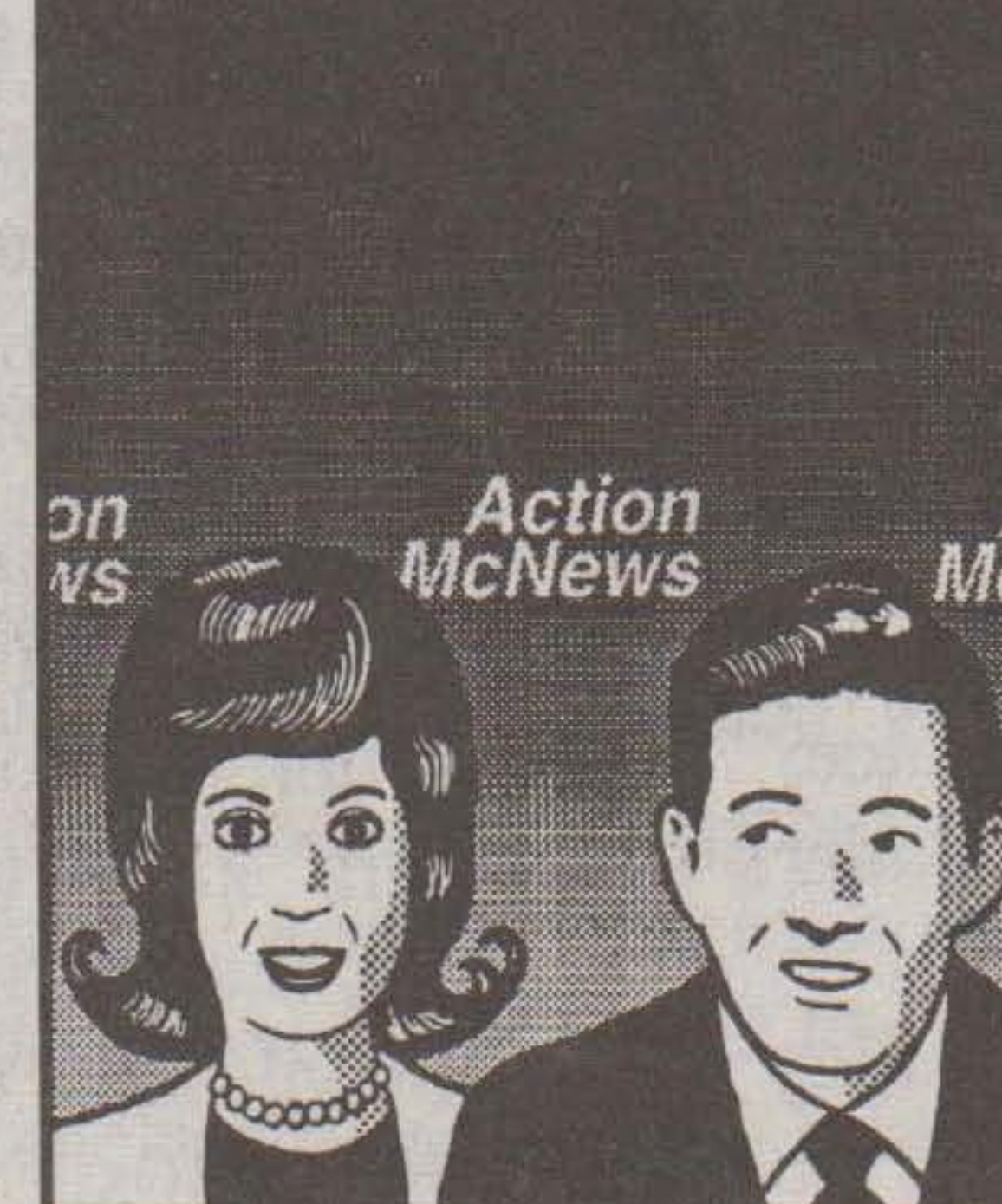
THAT'S WHY WE'VE ASKED CORRESPONDENT WANDA McDONALD TO GIVE US AN IN-DEPTH LOOK AT THE MOTIVES BEHIND THESE SEEMINGLY INCOMPREHENSIBLE ACTS. WANDA?



THANKS, BIFF! YOU SEE, IT'S LIKE THIS: THE TERRORISTS HATE FREEDOM.



WELL, THANKS FOR THAT EYE-OPENING REPORT, WANDA! I THINK WE MIGHT BE TALKING PULITZER MATERIAL HERE!



PSHAW! I'M JUST DOING MY JOB, BIFF!

THAT YOU ARE, WANDA! THAT YOU ARE!



Lizabeth Carpenter

Poet With a Hammer

You've probably seen him playing chess on the Ped Mall, looking like a down-on-his-luck sea captain or a slightly elfish Hemingway. Maybe you've overheard or even sat privy to one of his discourses on social-class structure. Either way, as much as you'd like to, you can't escape his words. In these troubled times, Iowa City writer Lizabeth Carpenter checks in with her old friend, the radical poet and human bullshit detector, Chuck Miller.

Behind the door of every contented, happy man there ought to be someone standing with a little hammer and continually reminding him with a knock that there are unhappy people, that however happy he may be, life will sooner or later show him its claws, and trouble will come to him—illness, poverty, losses, and then no one will see or hear him, just as now he neither sees nor hears others. But there is no man with a hammer. ...

—from Gooseberries by Anton Chekhov

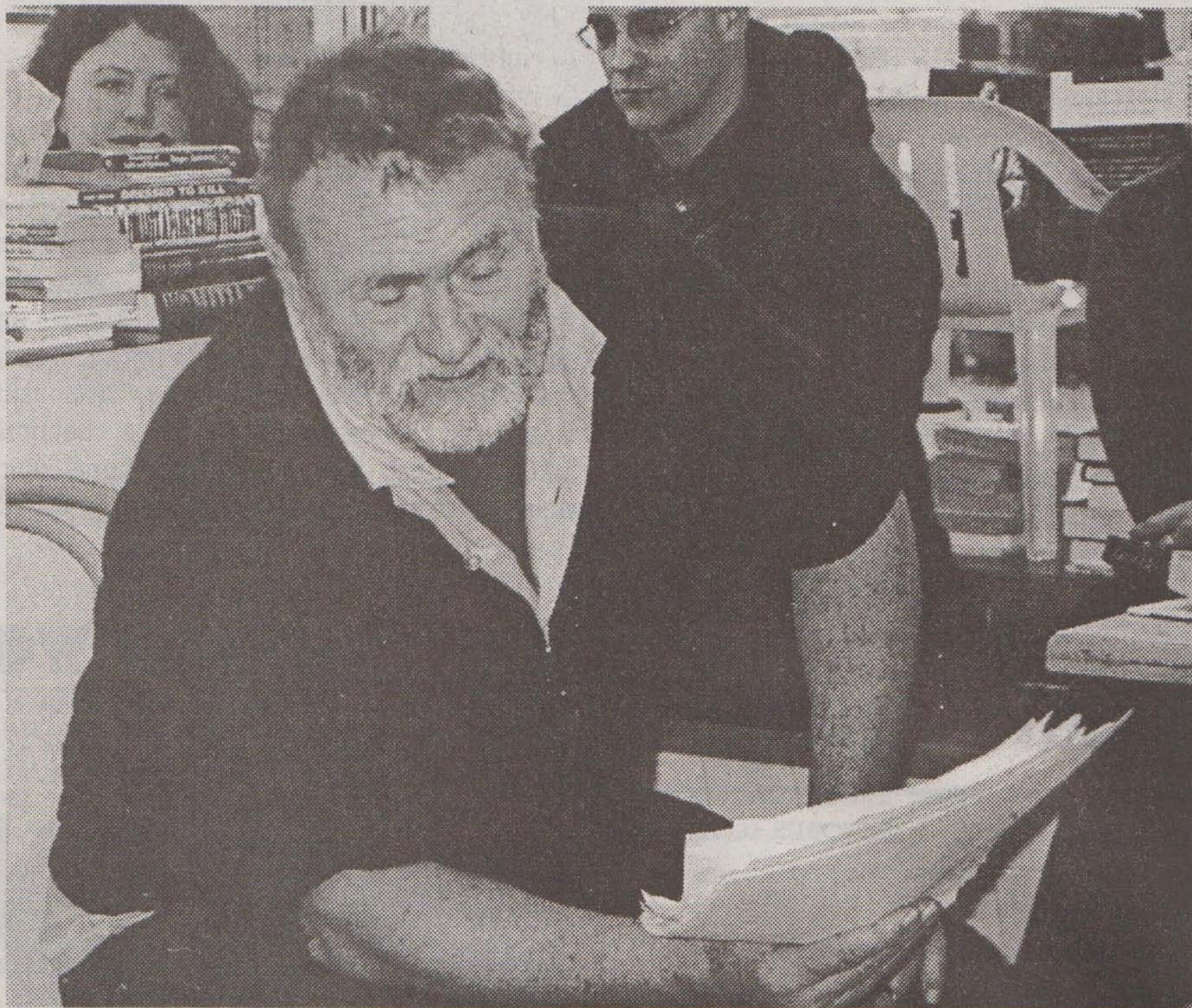
One can't seriously shoot the breeze with radical poet, world traveler and adversarial citizen Chuck Miller without the subject of social classes and "the evils of capitalism" coming up. The events of Sept. 11 didn't exactly sideline the perennially bristled Iowa City fixture, either.

"We can't do much worse to them than they've done to themselves," Chuck said of Afghanistan, the starved, war-ravaged, defiant country that an NPR commentator has called "the sink of human misery." A war on that country, he said, would only amplify the evils of capitalism: "It would be the strongest, richest country picking on the weakest. That's what capitalism is."

I caught up with Chuck downtown a few days after the tragedies, playing chess. History was in the making and it seemed impossible, if not unthinkable, to concentrate on anything else.

It must be mentioned here that, according to one of his longtime friends, the first thing Chuck did after the events of that day was give blood for America's injured, the blue-collar and bourgeois alike.

Mostly, however, he expresses no change of heart toward those in power. "What if bin Laden were in France and France wouldn't extradite him? Would we bomb France?" he asked. Rather, he said, it's the leaders of Pakistan and other poor countries who "are all crapping in their pants because they are worried they won't get their loan from the



IMF" if they don't give in to US strong-arm demands.

An aside here about American power and human misery. Here in Iowa City, a wizened, angry man recently related to me B.F. Skinner's theory that when people have what they need, they will not rise up. This man served three years in the Vietnam War and this October, with his electricity shut off and lot rent unpaid, he became homeless. Barely two weeks after Sept. 11, a woman collecting cans from among disdainful tailgaters near Kinnick Stadium had to duck several beers thrown at her. (I'm told the more experienced "canners" know to avoid tailgaters.) "Power, to me, means not being charitable anymore," a civil-rights speaker told an interviewer in the 1980s...

But this is Chuck Miller's story

most of us will go under
but some will struggle and survive
will live to raise their swords and strike
then the powerful will weep crocodile tears
for the slain ones, will speak so reasonably
of the tragedy of bloodshed
while sharpening their weapons, remind us
that terrorism must be stamped out ruthlessly
but we will only shake our heads
shake our heads
—the waste, the uselessness
while at the same time thinking "i spit on your grave"

—from "you feel the hollowness of being excluded," Northern Fields, Coffee House Press, Minneapolis, 1994

Because his occasional attacks of reticence don't always present a complete pic-

ture, I talked to some of his friends and watched videotapes of his visits to Kirkwood Community College classrooms to try and get a handle on this enigmatic, by turns compassionate, by turns abrasive "proletarian" (his word) poet. I was a student myself in several of his writing and literature courses. My sense is that Chuck speaks out strongly or else he hardly speaks at all.

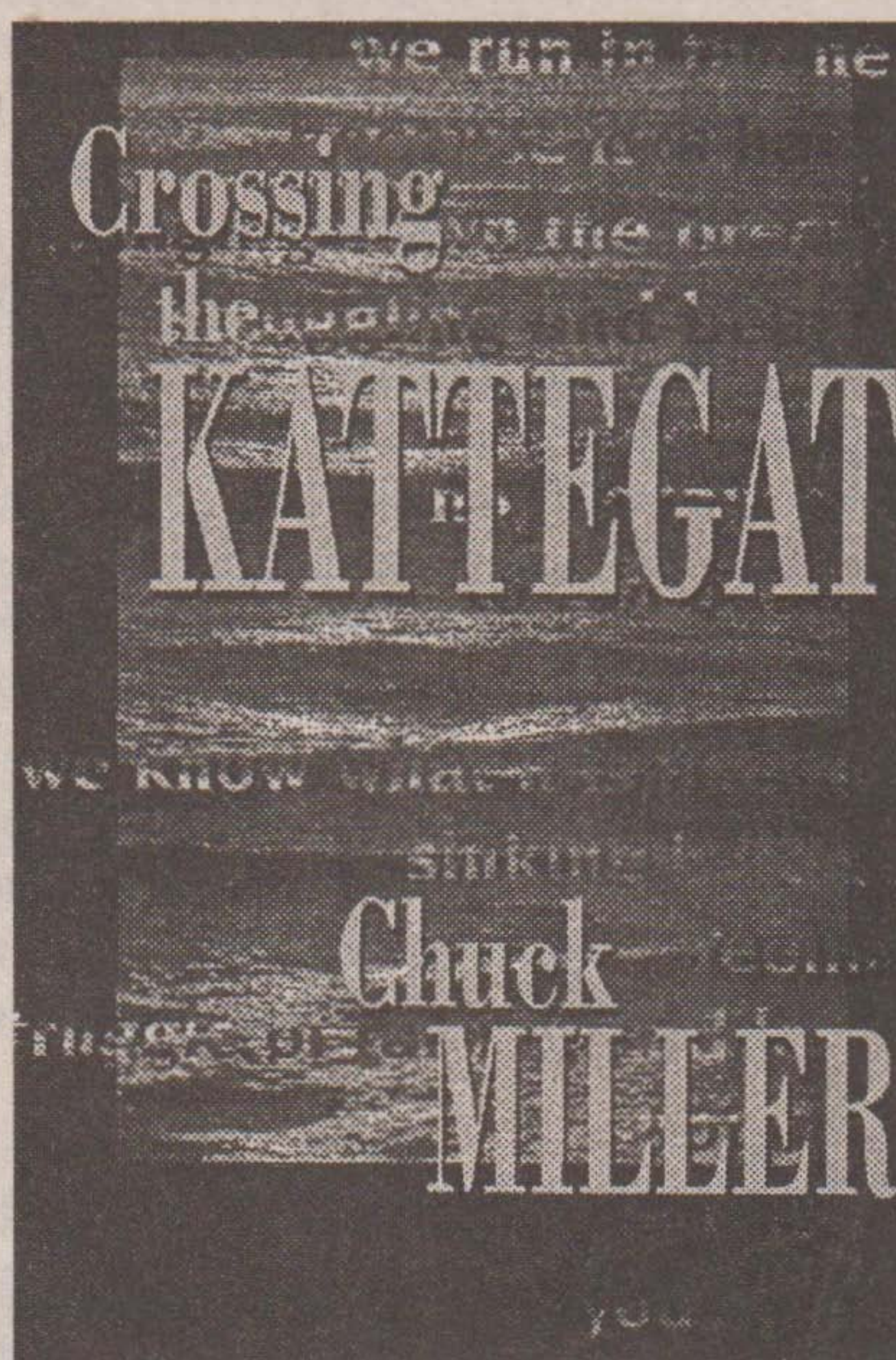
"How about that for a nasty one?" Chuck said with a laugh after he'd read the above poem to a Kirkwood class. "It doesn't get much nastier than that!"

A student asked, "Can a poem change your life?" And I was struck by Chuck's reply: "The problem is, you change to some extent inside yourself, but the world around you pretty much stays the same. So you run into the world again in the same old way and then what's left of that change inside of yourself?—you're not sure if there's anything left. ..."

Now 62, Chuck Miller has authored 10 books of poetry, including *How In The Morning* and *Northern Fields*. His newest book, *Crossing the Kattegat*, was published last month by Mica Press of Madison, Wis., with printing by Route 3 Press (which also publishes the *Wapsipinicon Almanac*) of Anamosa.

Chuck first came to Iowa City in the 1960s to attend the Writers' Workshop. Since that time he has left for greener pastures...and returned. He has made devoted friends from among workers, writers, outcasts, chess players and the local intelligentsia. He has made decided enemies of some of those same people. He won two lawsuits against the University of Iowa, the first after the university fired him for his unconventional teaching practices; the second when he was denied a pay raise as a tutor. His criminal record was expunged with the help of lawyer Leonard Spies after Timothy Leary won a similar case in the Supreme Court—Leary was charged under the same pot-possession law that Chuck served time for in 1969.

I've known Chuck since 1995 when we both worked one of those NCS night shifts scoring grade-school essays. He is a com-



pact Viking sort of figure, of healthy gray beard and recently shorn gray-blond hair. You will know him especially by his booming, expressive voice and animated eyebrows. From what I remember, he was querulous with the NCS scoring regimen—protective of students' points—but mostly jolly outside the cubicle. Over those evenings, he began a romance with a co-worker, a local animal-rights activist, and when he dropped out of the NCS project, which seemed inevitable, he continued to sit with her during our work breaks. Sadly, ironically, for a man whose own beliefs can seem uncompromising, her own activist demands left little time for Chuck, and the romance fell apart.

on a frozen morning you and your friends
stood at the gate of the park
where the brave hunters were to be allowed to
shoot tame deer
accusing them of murder
...
i see you still
stanchion in the grey-passage
a thin girl in an old dress
you remain
against the obliterations of time

—from "for Grace," *Crossing the Kattegat*, Mica Press, Madison, Wis., 2001

The many times he has left Iowa City, he says he has found life to be just as crazy and absurd elsewhere, and so Chuck Miller returns. "You see a kind of deliberate structure in society to keep people at the bottom," he elaborated to Kirkwood students, "poor and desperate and miserable. And so once it dawns on you that it's all kind of planned out, that the rich people have con-

trol...and you have to work one absurd job after the other for low pay and poor conditions... . Most societies have rich people and poor people and it's the same where the rich deliberately got their foot on the necks of the poor and they don't take that foot off, and they talk a bunch of b.s. about improving things and changing things and this and that. But it's just bullshit."

When down on his luck Chuck, for his part, is able to locate resources, whether in cash, work or unemployment checks—though a little luxury goes a long way. He has lived in his car, in rented houses, in communes and unheated shacks, on farms, with Eastern-bloc families, in prison, with girlfriends, and wherever in Iowa City's landlord haven he could find housing that didn't require a lease (evidently such places do exist).

we run in the new deep snow
because it is harder that way—
plunging down the precipitous inclines
struggling and beating up the hills

—from "We run in the new deep snow,"

Crossing the Kattegat

Growing up, Chuck identified less with the street than he does now. Born to schoolteachers of lower middle class in a blue-collar region of southern Illinois, Chuck told me his parents faced absurd policies at work and likewise would enforce "weird, goofy rules" on him and his sister. His father was fired for exposing the school's hypocrisy against a black student. His mother taught at a time when schoolteachers weren't allowed to be married, so the family moved to a new district where she hid her marital status from administrators.

Chuck took to math and science first. His life had been so repressed in his hometown and with his parents, however, that at the University of Illinois, "numbers and formulas didn't make sense" in the way that words would. (Words, in Chuck's poems, often embody thoughts freed from oppressive niceties, and grammar that scorns conventional rules; free verse is, of course, the champion of poetry not-forms.) At Illinois, he discovered books, Kerouac in particular, and began to read and to write. More than one acquaintance has remarked that Chuck

has read more books than anyone they know. And his powers of recall seem astounding. Still, it's no surprise that he flouted the Illinois system, made bad grades and was placed continually on probation. He graduated from there with a bachelor's degree in philosophy.

why always in the morning?
because you must begin your life over again
each morning
fumble for your shoes
the leather thongs stiff and cold
fumble with your fly
make sure your prick doesn't get caught in
the zipper
by then the shadows are stealing up grey
and clean
the sun a later gamble
that might make it through this hung over sky
then the long walk out from the private shack
of our dreams
barely holding together
to the car which is slowly disintegrating
if you can get it going
drive toward the world
only just functioning on the grey edge of night

-from "How In The Morning," *How In The Morning: Poems 1962-1988*, The Spirit That Moves Us Press, Iowa City, 1988

For two years in the late 1960s, while working toward a Ph.D. here, Chuck taught English classes to reticent undergrads. He had just served 19 months in Terre Haute federal penitentiary on a drug conviction.

"I could see that students were alienated from the process," he told me. "They were afraid to say what they really thought. So I told them, you can say anything you want as long as it's comprehensible and not just, you know—this book is a piece of shit." Chuck implemented several reforms he had heard others were doing: optional attendance, journal entries in lieu of academic papers, and something called "contract grading" in which, say, reading nine books earned a student an A, seven books a B, and so on.

(I remember how, in the late '70s, one of my own math instructors at Iowa State declared on the first day of class that he didn't believe in grades—everyone had an automatic A if they completed the assignments. I don't think I worked any less hard, but my classmates and I, wakened out of the usual rigamarole of competition, felt like we were getting away with something. It was a wonder and a sort of guilty release.)

"All of a sudden," Chuck told me, "there was freedom of thought and freedom of speech. The students liked that. There must have been a system of penalization in place for them all these years. Like fetters."

The 1970s fostered the Small Press

Movement in Iowa City, and a homegrown group called the Actualists, with their free-wheeling, grassroots approach to art. Poets published and self-published in a variety of local magazines—*Gum*, *Suction*, *Search for Tomorrow*, *Toothpaste*—and printed entire books with newly established presses such as Seamark and The Spirit That Moves Us. Writers regularly amassed at Center East (the Catholic student center) for readings, maverick UI faculty Ted Berrigan and Anselm Hollo brought anti-tradition practices to the Writers' Workshop, and Dave "Dr. Alphabet" Morice wrapped a city block with a mile-long rhyming poem. Scholars converged at Donnelly's bar, and an "underground university" was established

Reading Chuck, listening to him, is like unplugging the TV, throwing a few things in a bag and thumbing back to your hometown: the cracked roads, your disrespecting people, the old stories and cruelties that have never been resolved.

out of one or another student's pad—vowing no credit and no tuition. Ultimately, there was the May 1970 bombing of Cambodia, which resulted in anti-war protesters closing the UI down.

"Chuck wasn't alone, he was part of a movement," explained his friend and fellow poet Ann Zerkel. "He was a strong and colorful character, one of the last members [of the Actualists]; he stayed on when the rest of the group fragmented."

Always "very outspoken" in the classes they shared, Zerkel said, Chuck became a noted, even revered, figure about town, noted for his verve and talent if not for his activism. A poet in the Writers' Workshop (according to one local historian, probably the last place reforms took hold), he was older than most students and seemed to have a "seriousness and a responsibility for writing, and values that set him apart," Zerkel told me, at a time when she herself was still young to the issues.

In the political activism of the time, workshop students—though overwhelmingly

against the war—weren't generally visible activists, and Chuck, too, remained on the periphery. It was his classroom reforms that got him fired.

Poet Ann Struthers, an admirer and former classmate of Chuck's, told me of a poetry workshop in which a student made a remark deprecating—as she remembers it—hospital patients. It was Chuck who spoke up: "That's bullshit!"

"A number of us were thinking that, but didn't say it," Struthers said. "And after Chuck spoke, I thought, it's going to be OK. Pseudo-writers aren't going to run this workshop."

these are the young "human scum" the businessmen want swept

away
the bourgeoisie don't like them
they sit together on the edge of a raised flower bed quiet for a while
then one will make a remark
they all seem to understand respond subtly with some small

gesture or word
after a bit they lapse back into a silence

...
no doubt they are waiting for Godot
maybe these human scum are my sort of people for a moment in any case
I am fond of them

-from "watching a little group on the square," *Crossing the Kattegat*

Chuck told a Kirkwood class, "Most American writers that write this fiction, sort of made-up stuff...they haven't lived through it, they're just sort of slopping along—oh yeah, this guy says that and this woman says that—it doesn't have that sense of authenticity. So that's why I don't like it."

A lot of people in Iowa City know Chuck Miller, or know different sides of him. One of his old friends, and a fellow chess player, Rick Webber, told me that Chuck is stubborn, a stubborn chess player. "He refuses to read anything about opening theory," Rick said, which can offer players different ways to set up strategy. "It's not about winning and losing with him, but playing the best he can. Chuck wants to learn it all on his own." When the middle falls out of his game, Chuck will fight back with fierce abandon. Rick told me this with a mixture of frustration and admiration. After I had finished writing this article, out of the blue, an acquaintance asked me if I knew Chuck Miller. This older gentleman has known Chuck for a long time as it turns out and told me how the Chuck he knows is usually angry, or sad, or brooding over something. He met Chuck years ago in life drawing classes, where Chuck was a model. Most

models put on a robe when they're not posing, he said, but not Chuck—he'd be walking around "hanging out there" and talking to "little old ladies" in the corner. I have to wonder if there was something confrontational in that act, and yet it's kind of admirable too.

Reading Chuck, listening to him, is like unplugging the TV, throwing a few things in a bag and thumbing back to your hometown: the cracked roads, your disrespecting people, the old stories and cruelties that have never been resolved. You want to say to him, get over it. You want to say, keep up the good fight. You're never quite sure if his resistance is truly political or hotly personal, and you wonder why that should matter at all. It is then disturbing and reassuring both, to know that a coal lit in the middle of the last century still burns hotly in the cool 21st.

The Actualist movement, Chuck told me, was "not anything so unusual really. The only difference in people was that in the 1960s people were full of effervescence, evolution and life. And now there is this entropic decline to a lower and lower energy level."

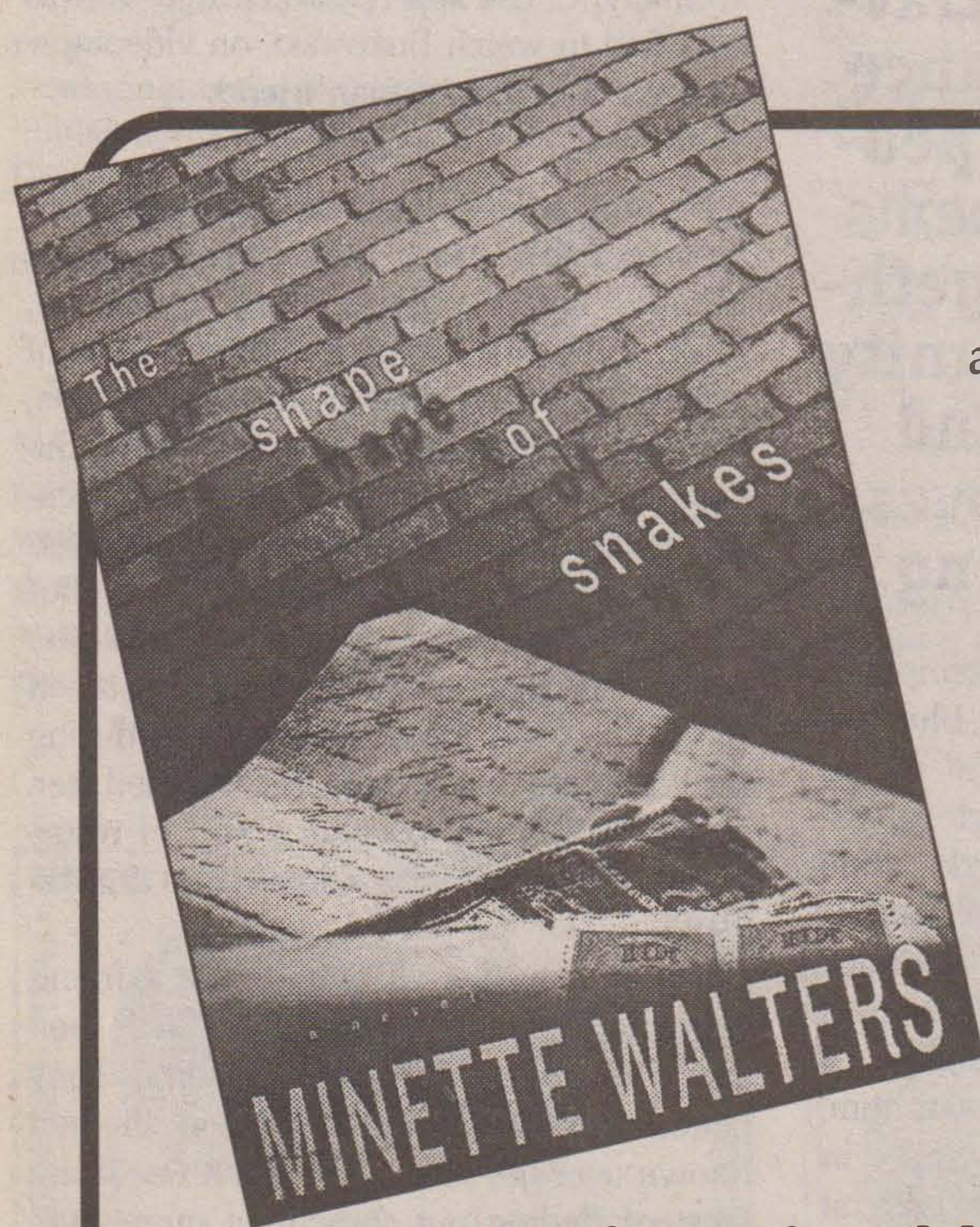
there's a blind man here in town
frequently you see him on street corners
stumbling around lost, unable to get his
bearings
or calling out obstreperously
you know him slightly
his condition
makes him ask absurd questions of people
he thrusts himself into their privately
held realms
angry and confused
demanding to know this or that
he's a big pain in the ass
but as you watch him
it occurs to you that
this is the kind of blind man you would be

-from "blind in one eye and can't see out
of the other," *Crossing the Kattegat*

He sees the Students Against Sweatshops activities as hopeful, "a bit of a return to the old stuff." Though he has not involved himself with that young group, he is familiar with their advisor, Carolyn Levine of Muscatine, who was herself a '60s activist for reproductive rights.

The mention of women's issues opened another topic in which I am interested. "I have always been sympathetic with the women's movement," Chuck replied to my questions. "But if you try to make it with an individual woman, that usually means trouble. To me, women seem like collaborators—they kiss someone's ass, go for the richest guy, dress like the elite, they are always falling into this or that pattern. They

"You know—oh, the rich people have these experiences, or the conventional people, or the legal people, or the respectable people. But what about my experiences? What about all the people that aren't conventional and aren't rich and aren't legal? The weird people, see? Those are the ones I like." —Chuck Miller



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are rebels half the time and the other half they are kissing ass, they're dopeheads, cokeheads, they're off getting their hair curled. ..."

Zerkel remembers how much women have liked him. One long-ago evening she ran into both Chuck and one of her female friends in a parking lot and introduced them. She laughingly recalls how they walked up to each other, immediately embraced and began kissing. They spent that same night together, not unusual for a man who carried on with one and often two girlfriends at the same time.

His autobiographical poems touch on a large, uh, sex drive, naked swims and menage a trois. From his talk and his poems, I gather that one or another of his "old girlfriends"—whether in Poland, England, or on the East or West coasts—have shut Chuck out, have changed or died. "You can't live with him and you can't live without him," is how one former partner tells it. It has helped my understanding to know that Chuck suffered humiliation when his youthful marriage to an Illinois woman (with whom he has a grown son) deteriorated to a rampantly faithless union.

In Siberia last July for a Volksmarch, he tracked down an old Russian lover. The woman's mother, brother and husband had since died and it seemed to him she "had distanced herself and was living an aloof sort of life." When he wanted to introduce her to friends, she rebuffed him. "Men," she had said, "always see women as some sort of appurtenance."

Later, when he was hospitalized after a car wreck, "She wouldn't even take my bloody hand," he said. In fact, she pulled away.

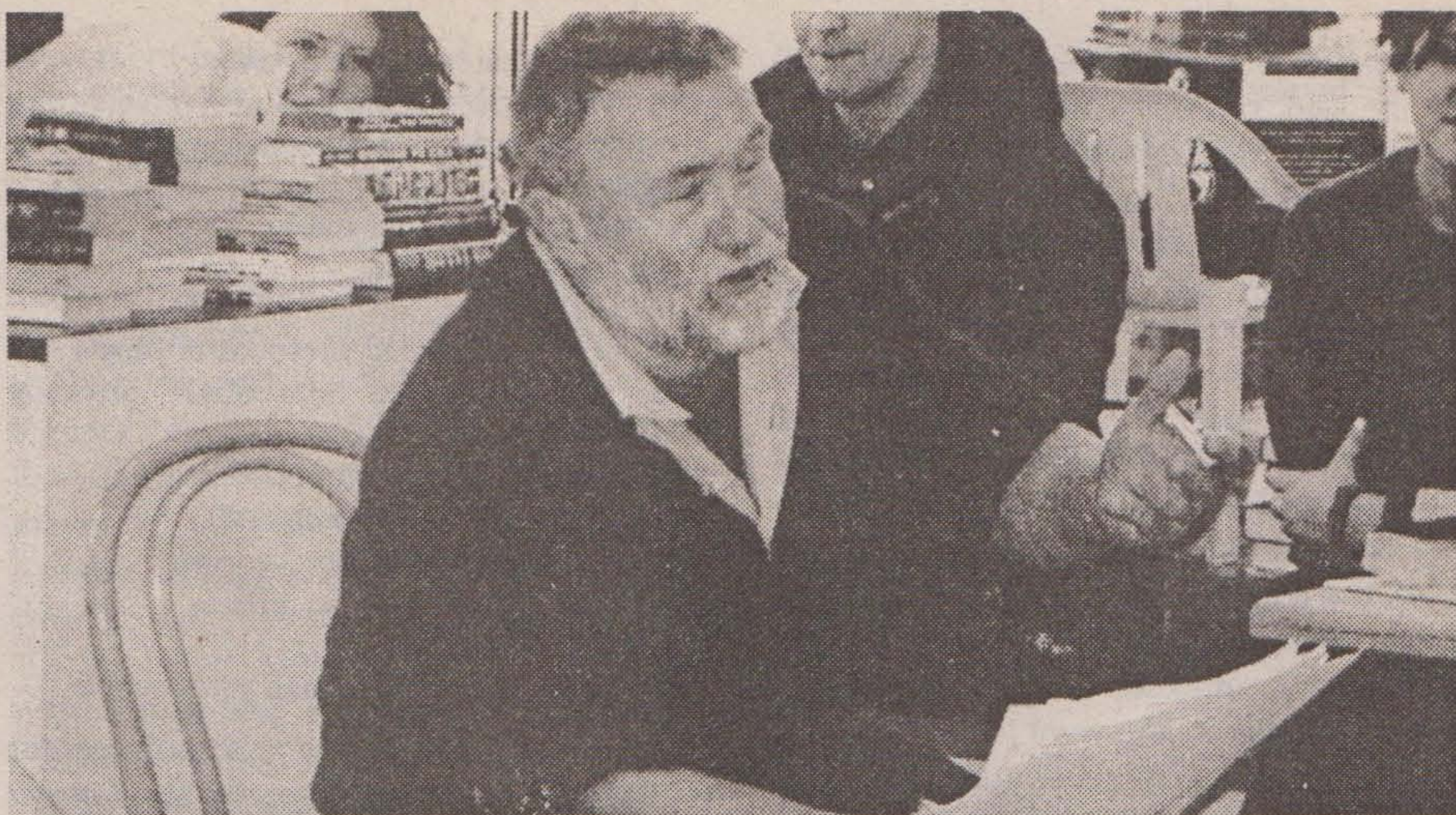
"If you are drawn to activist or rebellious women," I suggested, "it may be that their rebellion eventually goes against you? Because you're male, you come to represent the oppressor, the male establishment."

Chuck seemed aghast. "Fundamentally, after all these years," he said, "women puzzle me."

finally your destitute sadness
some lonely Siberian river flooding in spring
without a name
then we become like the rocks
our speech changed into "only a glance in
the sky"

-from "Albina," *Northern Fields* (Coffee House Press, Minneapolis, 1994)

On a professional level, a few good women have helped advance Chuck's career—Kay Amert of Seamark Press who first discovered and published him, Struthers and the late writer Meridel LeSueur who have both spoken highly of him and contributed book quotes. Zerkel



said that as both a writer and a friend she has "always looked up to" Chuck and that he has been a help to her, a sympathetic listener in troubled times.

Between free lunches at the Wesley House, books and conversation, poetry, lap swims, extended travel, recent inheritance money, nights of ped-mall chess—he seems to have pieced together his own community, a life of motion and heat, one that moves him and his writing.

On the other hand, Chuck's attempts to earn recognition from the raucous, blue-collar writer Charles Bukowski, one of his influences, resulted in a perfunctory dismissal. Of Chuck's poetry, Bukowski wrote back: "This doesn't do anything for me."

"It's his right to speak his mind," Chuck said with a grin. "But then you saw which way your bread was buttered." There was a time, in the years that I've known him, when Chuck immersed himself in Bukowski. He taught Bukowski classes at Kirkwood, researched his life and spoke as if some sort of mantle were being passed down. Writing group members talked of Chuck's "fuck-you" phase—jokingly, but not really.

Chuck's poetry avoids the brutish extremes of Bukowski, though there is plen-

ty of anger for the poor and against oppressors, meannesses, common stupidity. "you feel the hollowness of being excluded," he writes in the poem of the same title, "no plans for you and the others/the unemployed, the homeless, the starving/the landless—/earmarked for destruction/—slowly you understand/you have to exist so the better off can be kept in line/ if they refuse to go along/they could end up like you/ that fear must be instilled in them"

Finally, Chuck has remarked that he was horrified to watch Bukowski, on videotape, attempt to kick a woman friend.

It's Meridel LeSueur who has influenced him probably more than anyone except Kerouac and the Beats. Born in Murray, Iowa, in 1900, LeSueur wrote stories of brutal conditions that existed for miners, farmers, young unwed mothers during the Depression. (Early on, she caught the attention of an editor at Scribners who suggested she try to write like Hemingway. "But fishin', fightin' and fuckin' weren't my major experiences," she replied.) She joined the Communist Party in 1924 and during the McCarthy era publishers shunned her. In the 1970s, she became a sort of resurrected Earth Mother. Chuck met her in 1983.

In a borrowed Cadillac, he and a friend drove to LeSueur's home in St. Paul, then drove her to Iowa City for a reading. They talked through the night of writers she had known over the years. "For me it was like a feast of finding out something more than the official version," Chuck later wrote in the *River King Reader Supplement* out of St. Louis. His driver (and current publisher) Joe Grant remembers a remark LeSueur made to Chuck as they discussed her contemporaries: "By God, you sure do know them all, don't you?"

Chuck wrote of LeSueur that she never lost her belief in the struggles of the common people, the beaten, the poor. He described to me how LeSueur pointed her finger at him and commanded, "Never forget who the enemy is!"

"I and my friends had tried to believe in the people...hoodwinked, conned, cheated, and beaten down," he wrote, "and yet always coming back somehow. ... Yet in most ways we hadn't managed to do it. ... Compared to her we were poor in courage, in joy, in empathy."

You understand that Chuck does not quite see himself as one of them—the beaten, the poor. He's not quite slumming either. Between free lunches at the Wesley House, books and conversation, poetry, lap swims, extended travel, recent inheritance money, nights of ped-mall chess—he seems to have pieced together his own community, a life of motion and heat, one that moves him and his writing. "An ability to articulate with compassion," is how a writers group member described Chuck's mastery of language.

the student pharmacist gives me my free prescription

and I go out into the sultry night
thinking of the vague anxiety in the women's faces

and imagine all the people lying up in their rooms

sweating, trying to fuck, oozing
drinking too much, getting high, listening to their children cry

wondering where their next whatever is coming from

-from "Free Clinic," *Northern Fields*

"I want them to see [my poetry] as different from all the other stuff they have to read," Chuck told a class, "because when I went through most of that stuff it seemed so dead, so formal, so stiff, so unrelated to life, so much elitist. You know—oh, the rich people have these experiences, or the conven-

tional people, or the legal people, or the respectable people. But what about my experiences? What about all the people that aren't conventional and aren't rich and aren't legal? The weird people, see? Those are the ones I like."

I am reminded of what poetry might accomplish, of what Chuck's poetry might accomplish, from an apt phrase in *Lobotomy*, an autobiography by songwriter/punker Dee Dee Ramone: "[Punk] gave everybody a chance to say something. That's revolution."

"What's my class position?" Chuck responded to a student's question. "My class position is, I hate the rich, fear the poor, and have contempt for the middle class." His robust laugh, as it can do, lent a humorous twist to his words. "See, it tells you how each class is going to give you trouble. The poor, if they give you trouble, they are going to attack you in the streets. The rich are going to exploit you throughout this whole system of business and money and government and laws—they've got control of everything. The middle class, they just go along with the rich—they say oh yes, we'll do your bidding, we'll kiss your ass too, if you ask us."

for Yoga Barbara

wends her way over in the chess café
would like to vote for Nader, she says
tells me he will be speaking here today in our town

but she fears that if Gore is beaten
Bush would take things back to the dark ages
and as she says "ruin all our lives"
but, i say to her, our lives are ruined already...
so she might as well go ahead
and listen to her conscience

returning to the chess game
a kind of beautiful absurdity
hammering away on this abstract anvil
to reach a moment of consciousness

the day before the election
after hearing that most of my friends were voting for Nader
i decide to vote for Gore
to sort of balance things out
and since they say it's neck and neck

actually the most real thing
would be not to vote at all
because none of this will free us from our oppression

but you've got to have some sort of strategy
however absurd or rear guard an action
amidst these monstrous realities

late on election night in the early hours
still half asleep
i hear that Bush has won...
and a great sadness comes over me
i almost weep
the people have been beaten again
tried to...rise up...make their small choice
count for something
but...could not
dark times...many will suffer

Crossing the Kattegat

"If you go away and you say, huh, this guy actually said some weird stuff about some things I've actually lived through," Chuck said, "then maybe it won't be so bad." *

Chuck Miller

What: Reads from his new book of poetry, *Crossing the Kattegat*

Where: Prairie Lights, 15 S. Dubuque St., Iowa City

When: Wednesday, Oct. 17, 8pm

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A brazen update

New translation of Greek comedy gets Iowa City world premiere

Rob Cline

Lysistrata

What: Dreamwell Theatre's production of newly translated Greek comedy

Where: 10 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City.

When: Oct. 12-13, 19-20, 26-27, 8pm.

In Jack Lindsey's 1962 translation of Aristophanes' *Lysistrata*, Myrrhine expresses her disapproval of the eponymous character's plan to stop the war between Athens and Sparta by saying, "O please give me the fire instead."

In X.J. Kennedy's 1999 translation of *Lysistrata*, Myrrhine puts a slightly sharper point on the matter: "I'd sooner walk through fire than give up fucking."

Dreamwell Theatre presents the world premiere of Kennedy's translation on Oct. 12. Kennedy, who is allowing Dreamwell to produce the show sans a royalty fee, will be on hand for the Oct. 26 performance and will participate in the "Two Cents Night" discussion after the show. His bawdy translation of the classic Greek comedy should spark a lively conversation.

Kennedy is an award-winning writer of poetry for both children and adults whose honors include the Lamont Award of the Academy of American Poets for his first book, *Nude Descending a Staircase*, in 1961; the Los Angeles Book Award for poetry; the Aiken-Taylor Award for Modern American Poetry given by the University of the South and The Sewanee Review; as well as Guggenheim and National Arts Council fellowships. Last year, he was awarded the National Council of Teachers of English Year 2000 Award for Excellence in Children's Poetry. He is also a former editor of the *Paris Review*.

Despite Myrrhine's reservations, a sex strike is exactly what *Lysistrata* has in mind. Her daring plan is to capitalize on the fact that men return from the front anxious to take their wives to bed. Confident the men will do anything—including make peace—to enjoy relations with their wives, *Lysistrata* turns sex into the tool for ending the conflict that threatens to tear Greece apart and render it easy pickings for any invading enemy. The women occupy the Acropolis and under *Lysistrata*'s inspired—and duplicitous—leadership, overcome their own

libidos in order to save their country.

I attended the Oct. 4 rehearsal of the Dreamwell production, one of the first complete run-throughs on the stage in the basement of the Unitarian Universalist Church, which the company calls home. Director Jamie L. Ewing and his cast were working without a set, largely without costumes and without a complete grasp of all the lines. Still, it was apparent that Kennedy's translation, with its mix of blank verse and Seussian iambic pentameter, is a clear-eyed take on the original text, an update that accepts and amplifies the play's crude humor. Aristophanes may have had a political message to deliver back in 412 B.C., but even granting that, it is clear that *Lysistrata* is at bottom a sex (or lack-of-sex) farce. The jokes are obvious, unrefined and, if delivered skillfully, funny.

It was, of course, too early to tell how well the Dreamwell cast would handle the material. Indeed, the funniest moments of the night were delivered by Chas Haworth, who plays Myrrhine. Late for rehearsal, she walked on stage just in time to deliver her aforementioned line with a wry, innocent smile. Later in the evening during the break between acts, she struggled to memorize the lines for her second-act encounter with Dan Fairchild, who plays Myrrhine's sex-starved husband. Brow furrowed in concen-



The women of Athens and Sparta drink wine to seal their oath of withholding sex from their husbands in Dreamwell Theatre's production of *Lysistrata*.

tration, she fought to place lines like "I'll slide my slip off" and "I'll slip my undies off" in the correct order. On stage, Haworth and Fairchild struggled a bit with the more physical aspects of the scene but demonstrated a knack for its linguistic humor.

Other promising performances were turned in by Kristy Hartsgrove as Lysistrata, and the two leaders of the chorus of old men and women, Josh Sazon and Vicki Krajewski. Hartsgrove seemed poised to be a firm anchor for the production with her understated delivery and ability to use silence and facial expressions to nurse additional humor out of a scene. Sazon and Krajewski lead a six-actor chorus charged with filling in story-line gaps while engaged in their own elderly battle of the sexes. Again, physical aspects of their roles were in need of some smoothing out, but their characterizations were strong and likely to get stronger as opening night approaches.

Much of the play's humor has been highlighted by the strong direction of Ewing who, like all other Dreamwell directors, has had to make do with a limited and awkward space. Though the set was not yet built, it was clear that Ewing intended to get the most out of the space available, jockeying a fairly large cast about with skillful blocking. Also, Ewing delivers an inspired take on the *deus ex machina* motif that regular attendees of Dreamwell performances will particularly appreciate.

Ewing's decision to stage Kennedy's translation of *Lysistrata* stemmed from his desire to prove that a Greek comedy could fit into Dreamwell's commitment to produce edgy, challenging work. He discovered Kennedy's unproduced translation while thumbing through anthologies of Greek plays and knew he had found a version of Aristophanes' play that fit well with Dreamwell's philosophy. Kennedy's brazen approach to the text and Dreamwell's willingness to push the envelope should result in another quality production from the company. *

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Chris Wiersema

This large level of weirdness

Showcase of local weirdoes promises surprises

"There is this large level of weirdness and interesting stuff that goes on in this town, but it doesn't really get spotlighted too much since there is not a lot of money in promoting that kind of thing." Matt Seeman is slapping bar codes onto Fear records in the back of the Record Collector while talking about the idea behind the upcoming Audio Report 1.0 show at Gabe's. The evening will consist of five distinct, homegrown audio acts and a video installation coupled with a visual display. Seeman continues, "Working here, I talk to enough people, and know enough people, that are doing stuff that is out of the norm." Though he has co-promoted many a show in Iowa City, this is Seeman's first solo effort, meaning that he had sole discretion on whom to gather. The result is a sound experience that not even he can truly explain.

"You could say experimental, yeah, that would be the best thing. I don't want to pigeonhole anybody. When I booked all the acts, I told them that they had free rein to do whatever they wanted. Basically, I wanted people that were on the crazy side."

Audio Report 1.0 is about improvisation. Imagine the highlight of every show you've ever attended. In hip-hop, it's the freestyle session at the end. In jazz, it's the variations. For rock, it's the extra encore with a flying-V guitar solo. Conceive of a show where that is all you get, free from the common "it doesn't live up to the record" mantra. Audio Report 1.0 offers the rare chance to hear music that you've never heard before—and may never hear again.

Starting with the debuting Flacid Trip, pigeonholing becomes inconceivable. The group works with five turntables and one laptop for what is likely to be a layering of free jazz into noise rock, turning both shapeless genres into a larger sound collage.

While Flacid Trip is first on the ticket, there is no opener; every group will have the same amount of time. Seeman says, "I hate that at shows where the opener gets three songs and the headliner gets all the time they want. I'm looking to give each performer about 45 minutes each."

Next in the line-up is the massively unpredictable Possum Sac. Having opened numerous local shows, they could end up turning in anything from a straight-rock set to performance art. "They're musicians, but they're artists first," Seeman says of the band. "So they'll definitely have a stage presence."

Next up is Blue on::Blue Eyes, a side project from the front man of The Vida Blue, Matt Davis. Most likely referencing early-'90s industrial, Davis' keyboard work will have more breathing room than his recent opening slot

for The Faint provided.

Closing the show will be two of the openers from last spring's Kid606 show: Object and Books of the Bible. Carrying on the synthesizer mode from the Blue set, Object will throw a modified Speak & Spell toy into the mix. "He got this Speak & Spell and gutted it, then rewired it with a sequencer," Seeman explains. "He transformed it from being a toy that you'd use for sound generation to making it an actual instrument."

A warped children's toy is a tough act to follow, but the final act, Books of the Bible, has earned the top slot as well as a certain level of notoriety for its stage antics. The group is reportedly a side project of one or more members of Making Hey!, but nobody will say for sure. "The second time that Books of the Bible performed, he did this snake-oil salesman routine where he told everybody that [headliner] Kid606 hadn't showed up and that he was the new headliner, so a bunch of people left," Seeman recalls. As the headliner this time around, Books of the Bible has been given an open door to do anything they'd like. This doesn't seem to concern Seeman too much, though: "I've found that anytime that you do something really weird in this town that there's a whole segment of the population that comes out that aren't really represented in live shows."

And if audience members haven't had their senses completely overloaded, Green Can Productions, a local video studio, will provide loops and video orchestrations to visually sew these multiform acts together. Mass-media manipulators Recom will supply their own visual aids.

Audio Report 1.0 will be, if nothing more, a breath

Audio Report 1.0

What: Flacid Trip, Possum Sac, Blue on::Blue Eyes, Object, Books of the Bible and more

Where: Gabe's, 330 E. Washington St., Iowa City

When: Tuesday, Oct. 16



of fresh air for everyone tired of predictable improvisation. Rare are the chances for an entire audience to be genuinely surprised by an artist's performance; Audio Report 1.0 offers at least that possibility. *

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The Nutcracker...An enchanting creation of mozzarella, parmesan, gorgonzola and fontina cheeses, sprinkled with pistachios and roasted peppers, all topping our house basil pesto sauce.

The Meatball Parmesan...This Italian classic is sure to please with red onions, parmesan cheese, meatballs, garlic and white cheddar, decorated with a layer of fresh sliced tomato. Mama would be proud!

Chicken Fajita...Grilled chicken breast, roasted onion, red, and green peppers, mozzarella and monterey jack cheeses on a refried bean and garlic base. Served with sides of salsa and sour cream.

Chicken Alfredo...Grilled chicken breast, onion, mushroom, artichoke hearts, alfredo sauce, topped with mozzarella cheese.

Veggie Fajita...Roasted red and green peppers, zucchini, onion, mozzarella and monterey jack atop a refried bean and garlic base.

Fat Tony 'Roni...Flavor country! Pepperoni, gorgonzola, green olives, white cheddar and red onion on an olive oil and garlic base.

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cd reviews



①The Soundtrack of Our Lives

Extended Revelation

Telegram Records (A Warner Music Company)

The Soundtrack of Our Lives sprang from the ashes of Union Carbide Productions, one of Sweden's most important bands in recent memory. UCP made no small impact over here, either: They got Steve Albini to produce them and garnered fans like the Jesus Lizard and Sonic Youth. TS00L, on the other hand, is kind of like Sweden's Beatles. And back in 1998 when this album was first released in Europe, they sounded like it too. Subsequent efforts (including this year's *Behind the Music*) sound a lot more like a tribute to the '70s guitar. But *Extended Revelation*, the band's third release, is pretty much an extended homage to the Fab Four. The CD's second song, "Psychomantum X2000," eerily echoes the Beatles' "Tomorrow Never Knows." Others honored besides the Beatles are the Rolling Stones and the Kinks.

For all that, TS00L never really sound like they're ripping anybody off. They're just cheerfully, unapologetically playing the music they love best.

Besides the decidedly psychedelic feel, *Extended Revelation* goes for a bit of millennial mawkishness as well—in addition to the "X2000" song title, the entire album is subtitled *for the Psychic Weaklings of the Western Civilization*. That's because in 1998 the most we had to worry about was whether our computers would unleash apocalyptic chaos with the rolling over of the clock.

We now know that we've got a lot more to concern ourselves with, enough to make the alarmists of the past sound like oracles. But *Extended Revelation* is a great, little trip into escapism, Britpop style.

Margaret Schwartz

②DJ Krush

Zen

Sony/Red Ink

What do you call a DJ who has deconstructed jazz, hip-hop, R&B and D&B without destroying them? Krush. The Japanese hip-hop producer offers an entire album of new material that sounds simultaneously boundary-pushing and retrospective. Now the seventh jewel in the crown of arguably the most flexible hip-hop DJ ever, *Zen* sounds on the outside like a redux of Krush's '95 release,

Meiso. As on *Meiso*, Krush teams up with various collaborators, including Roots members Black Thought and ?uestlove. The new slew of artists, however, gives *Zen* a totally new dynamic. Although the CD begins and ends with solo instrumental tracks, Krush spends the remainder displaying what he can do for others: giving full and heavy bass bounce to Black Thought on "Zen Approach," high-pitched snare drum and symbol rolls to Kukoo Da Bagga Bonez on "Whut's Da Solution," and El-P-worthy production to Company Flow on "Vision of Art." On "Sonic Traveler," Krush enlists Tunde Ayanyemi on kudi and emili ako drums, hitting quicker and cleaner than any drum machine. N'Dea Davenport, Sunja Lee and Zap Mama contribute three R&B tracks, each of which Krush supplies with sensuous layering—but not nearly as sensuous as Kazufumi Kodama's lush trumpet work on "Day's End," which hails back to the Krush's work with Toshinori Kondo. The standout track, however, is "Candle Chant (A Tribute)," featuring BOSS THE MC. Though the rhymes are spit in all-Japanese, the yearning of the vocals (reverberating like a monk chanting in a cave), paired with the minimal clinking of a music box, breaks any language barrier. *Zen* exposes the genius of Krush separately and when unified with his collaborators. DJ Krush teaches *Zen* and listeners get the nirvana.

Chris Wiersema

③Afroman

The Good Times

Universal

Opening (and closing) with one of the surest house-party staples since the Beastie Boys' "Fight For Your Right," and replete with far too many pot-smokin', beer-drinkin', booty-chasin' and old-school hip-hop references to list, this sophomore effort guarantees Afroman at least 15 minutes of fame.

The spirits of Run-DMC and Shock-G (Digital Underground) run playfully over late-'80s synths and drum machines (even featuring human beatbox on "Tumbleweed"). Sincere gospel ("Hush") mixes readily with locker-room lyricism ("She Won't Let Me."). Consisting mainly of loose and swingin' street-corner jams that assure enough cheesiness for all, *The Good Times* is nevertheless worthy of more than a spot on Dr. Demento. A mixed bag of "love, peace and afro-

grease," the album's silliness only underscores its excellent songwriting. If you're offended by the rawness of *The Good Times*, you're taking life too seriously.

Joe Derderian

④Tenacious D

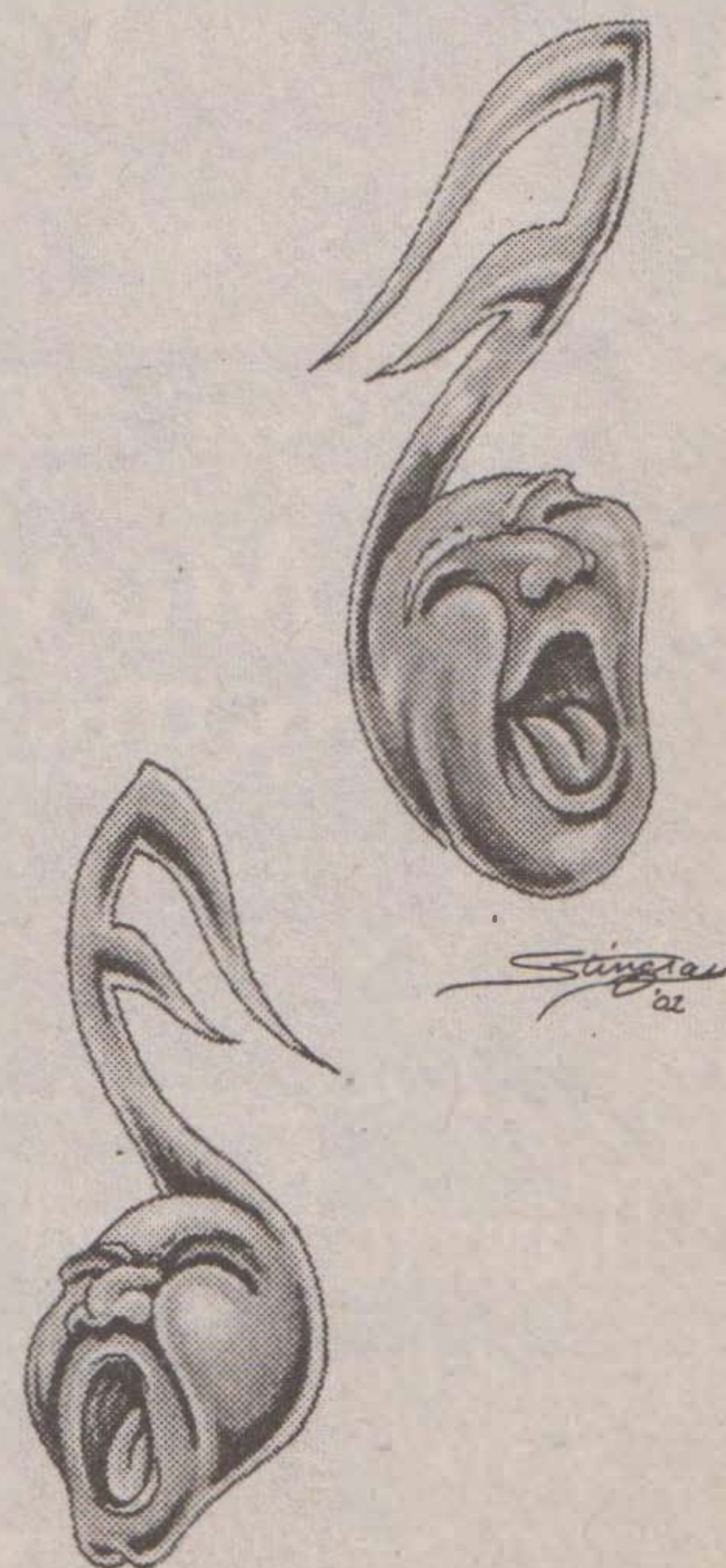
Tenacious D

Epic Records

Recently, metal-guitar god Ritchie Blackmore abandoned hard rock in favor of acoustic Renaissance music. Not since Spinal Tap's *Intravenous de Milo* has such a hole been burned in our collective musical loincloth. This next band has not only plugged that hole but filled many others too. Now prepare to have your asses blown out by Tenacious D.

Amalgamating every pretentious rock movement from prog-rock (ELP) to art-rock (Yes) to cock-rock (Led Zeppelin) on their self-titled debut, the abnormal acoustic duo of Jack Black and Kyle Gass (AKA "JB and KG") choose to rock out with full-band arrangements on both time-tested D classics ("Explosivo," "Rock Your Socks," "Double Team") and new songs, including a James Taylor-style strummer titled "Fuck Her Gently." This celebratory orgy of Moogs and prog-rock riff-ery also offers a glimpse into the D's creative process: "One Note Song" captures the duo in the throes of songwriting (not really) and "Inward Singing" has JB hitting on how "nonstop rocking" is made possible by singing during inhalation as well as exhalation.

Joe Derderian



Everything but a Blind Melon box set

Joe Pernice seems bemused by the fact that many of his fans think he's a depressed dude—but you can't really blame them for jumping to conclusions. On "Working Girls (Sunlight Shines)," from **The Pernice Brothers'** magnificent new album, he glides over swirling strings, an up-tempo bass/drum/guitar/piano wall of sound and the catchiest, loveliest of melodies, all the while singing about "contemplating suicide with a graduate degree." Even the album's title, *The World Won't End* (Ashmont Records), is dubiously optimistic at best. (Talk about setting your expectations low. How about *Puncture Wounds Don't Hurt That Much?* Or *The Gonorrhea Burns Less Than I Thought It Would?*) Pernice's pet trick is to deftly marry introspective lyrics with a joyous melodic sound, and the album contains so many marvelous moments that it's impossible to completely catalog: the interweaving, polyvocal "Baaaaah-ba-ba-ba-bah" harmonies that burst from nowhere two minutes into "7:30"; the perfect bridge in "Our Time Has Passed" that erupts after the second soaring, string-laden chorus; the chiming neo-Byrds guitar that launches into flight the gorgeous, sing-songy "She Heightened Everything." The Pernice Bros. will shower us with their mellanjolly brand of pop when they stop by Gabe's Oct. 23. And they'll be supported by



Joe Pernice

opening act **The Kingsbury Manx**, whose low-key, Velvety album, *Let You Down* (Overcoat), also treads the darker, murky waters of pop (though in a more drone-y, hypnotic way).

A day before, also at Gabe's, **Ming + FS** will cold rock all you party people, as will the Philly-born-and-bred **Bahamadia**, a bad mama jama whose heavyweight rep outweighs the lightness of her catalog (which consists only of 1996's *Kollage* and last year's EP, *BB Queen*). Ming + FS's recent release, *The Human Condition* (OM), is laced with retro-futuristic sounds and herky-jerky pool break beats that work equally well in the space-age bachelor pad and the sticky, rank and skanky dance floor of Gabe's. It's one of the best albums released recently by the trusty, rusty OM label, in part because the instructions found on the back cover—"File Under: Electronic/Ass Kicking Beats!"—don't lie.

A group I'd never expect was up for a musical ass-kicking (especially this late in their career) is **The Damned**, who are back from the dead with their new album *Grave Disorder* (Nitro). Having not cared about this band of campy, vampy guitar-strumming ghouls for over 15 years, I was caught off guard by the blast-from-the-past power of the lead track, "Democracy?," which sounds like it could have been lifted straight from their 1979 punk classic, *Machine Gun Etiquette*. Now down to two key members, Dave Vanian on vocals and Captain Sensible on guitars, these two aging, brittle Brits somehow resurrect the glory days and let the good times roll. This 13-song volley takes its cue from their 1977-1982 period of goofy, gothed-out slam jams; so if you're a fan, ya gotta get it, ya got-got ta get it.

Speaking of punk-rock nostalgia, **Manic Hispanic** have made the year's best novelty record, where they "translate" well-known punk songs in the same way the self-proclaimed Mexican Elvis, El Vez, reworks the King's tunes for his audience of Latinos (and white, ironic hipsters). On *The Recline of Mexican Civilization* (BYO), The Clash's "White Man In Hammersmith Palais" becomes "Brown Man in O.C. Jail"; Rancid's "Ruby Soho" is reworked as "Rudy Cholo"; and X's "White Girl" becomes, you guessed it, "Brown Girl."

A band that got even better after it ditched the 1-2-3-4 pulse of punk was Joy Division (though, even early songs like "Warsaw" are unique enough to still sound special today). Available overseas, and now domestically, their four-CD box set, *Heart and Soul* (Rhino), carefully spells out why they were one of the greatest bands to release a mere two studio albums. So how does one make a four-CD set (crammed with 70-plus minutes of goodies each) from just two LPs? I mean, could you imagine a Blind Melon box set? Well, when your archive is overflowing with stellar unreleased songs, live tracks and assorted singles, you can get away with it. One can hear the blueprint of what became New Order, a group that rose from Joy Division's ashes, in *Heart and Soul*, which is more a moving memorial than anything else. The upbeat ending to this story is contained in the living, breathing document that is *Get Ready* (Reprise), New Order's first album since 1993's *Republic*. Here's another group I've ignored for nearly 15 years, so it's inspiring to hear them reach a new and different peak, pushing the guitars to the fore in a way they haven't done since their early, post-Joy Division days. Let us all pray for no Blind Melon box sets or any more releases by the truly awful post-Melon "super-group" Unified Theory, who play melodramatic art rock (with a capital AOR) in a Meatloaf-meets-Jane's Addiction kind of way. Please, God. Oh, God, please. *

MUSIC

Prairie Pop
Kembrew McLeod

Charlie Robison

First Avenue Club • Oct. 17, 9:30pm

There must be something in the water down there in Texas—or maybe it's the beer—that produces so many celebrated, multi-talented musicians. Like Lyle Lovett, Joe Ely, Townes Van Zandt, Jimmie Dale Gilmore, Robert Earl Keen and many, many others, Lone Star homeboy Charlie Robison writes, sings and plays top-notch Tex-Mex, honky tonk and country blues with a nasty twang and a sense of humor.

Robison is on the verge of becoming as big a country star as his wife Emily of the Dixie Chicks. His version of the rollicking NRBC classic "I Want You Bad" made it into the country top 30, and the latest single, "Right Man for the Job," from his new album *Step Right Up*, promises to be an even bigger hit. While Robison may be on the threshold of success, he's not your typical TNN hat act. His style of country music rocks a bit too hard and his lyrics are a bit too smart—or maybe too smart-ass. He's not above cheap wordplay ("Well, we kissed on the boxes of liquor/and she reached down and grabbed her some Dickel") or letting go with a wicked guitar solo (such as his blistering playing on the cut "Desperate Times").

This Texas troubadour enjoys a reputation for being a great live performer. Catch him while he's still playing small venues. 1550 S. First Avenue, Iowa City, 337-5527.

Steve Horowitz



ART

Akar Architecture and Design

4 S. Linn St., Iowa City, 351-1227

Dynamic Duo; works by husband and wife Chuck Hindes and Nancy Fink; Hindes, a UI ceramics professor, shows wood-fired ceramics; Fink shows botanical watercolors; through November.

Art at the Chamber

IC Area Chamber of Commerce Bldg., 325 E. Washington St., Iowa City

Work by Truc Deegan and Nancy Fink.

The Art Mission

114 S. Linn St., Iowa City

Burning Bush, mixed-media works by Barbara Robinette Moss.

Arts Iowa City

129 E. Washington St., Iowa City, 337-7447

Occupying the Layers of the Italian Landscape, photographs of Rome by Robert Fox; *Map Series*, large figurative paintings by ISU faculty member Katherine Hannigan.

Cedar Rapids Museum of Art

410 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 366-7503

An American Anthem: 300 Years of Painting from The Butler Institute of American Art, through Nov. 18 • *Recent Acquisitions 2000-2001*, featuring wrought-iron gates designed by Grant Wood, Oct. 13-Dec. 9, Iowa Gallery. (See Words and Film/Video for more events)

Design Ranch Store

335 S. Clinton St., Iowa City, 354-2623

Mountains & Diamonds: Paintings & Sculptures by Hu Hung-shu, Hu Hung-shu is professor of design at the UI; *Lighting by Flos & Modern Italian Furniture by Zanotta*, Studio 168.

The Frame Station Gallery

1100 Fifth Street, City Center Square, Iowa City, 351-6898

Paintings by Australian Aboriginal artists, Oct. 13-Nov. 13.

Hudson River Gallery & Frame Co.

538 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 358-8488

Catherine Jones-Davies, figurative and landscape oil paintings; James Casper, wood-fired ceramic tiles; through Nov. 9.

Iowa Artisans Gallery

117 E. College St., Iowa City, 351-8686

William Nowysz: Travel Journal in Watercolor, through Nov. 9.

Iowa State Bank and Trust

102 S. Clinton St., Iowa City, 356-5800

Contemporary Quilts, work by 11 quilters with local connections: Kathyl Jogerst, Kathy Mueller, Jo Betts, Berta Kallaus, Mary Ann Kelly, Joan Maxwell, Sugar Mark, Priscilla Wright, Connie Fund, Sue Evans and Trish Koza.

Lorenz Boot Shop

132 S. Clinton St., Iowa City, 339-1053

Safe as Houses, new works on paper by Philip Kirk; *Mystery of the Lost Chorus*, archival digital prints by Michael Kehoe; through February.

M.C. Ginsberg Objects of Art

110 E. Washington St., Iowa City, 351-1700

Life as a Collaboration: A Marriage of the Arts for 28 Years, joint exhibition by sculptor Nancy Lovendahl and jewelry designer and goldsmith Scott Keating, through Nov. 2.

Mendala Community Art Gallery

Downtown Oxford

Photographs and collages by Dan Eldon, photo-journalist who was killed on the job in Somalia. See events.

Mythos

9 S. Linn St., Iowa City, 337-3760

Ethnographic art, antiquities and museum copies; specializing in African, Mayan Indian from Guatemala and Asian, ongoing.

Red Avocado

521 East Washington St., Iowa City, 351-6088

Weathered, locally wood-fired ceramics.

RSVP

114 E. Washington St.

Work by Sabzi, paintings resonating from Eastern and Western philosophies.

Ruby's Pearl

13 S. Linn St., Iowa City, 248-0032

Girly porno comics by local artist Colleen Coover, through October.

Senior Center

28 S. Linn St., Iowa City, 356-5220

quiltz and dollz by patti z, Patti Zwick, through Dec. 2.

Studiolo

415 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 341-8344

Lori Roderick: Body Language, whimsical ceramic story-telling figures; *Constructed Paintings*, intricately patterned abstractions by Mary Hark; through Nov. 10.

Summit Street Gallery

812 South Summit St., Iowa City, 358-9627

Hair-do Monoprints, recent work by Iowa City print-maker Wanda Ewing, Oct. 13-21, opening reception, Oct. 13, 7-9pm.

T. Spoons

Old Capitol Town Center, Iowa City

Drawings by Mary Moye-Rowley and Steve Ford, lithographs by Suzanne Bowen Aunan, and digital art by Vaughn Meadows.

UI Hospitals and Clinics

Project Art of UIHC, Iowa City, 353-6417

Joel Peck, intaglio prints, through Nov. 1, Boyd Tower West Lobby • Dennis Swanson, photocollage, through October, Boyd Tower East Lobby.

UI Museum of Art

150 North Riverside Dr., Iowa City, 335-1727

Frederick Brown: Jazz Paintings, 12 paintings of renowned jazz artists, through Dec. 16 • Permanent collection exhibitions, ongoing • Temporary permanent collection exhibits: *Drunk: A Video Installation by Gillian Wearing*, featuring "I Love You," a 60-minute single-channel video, shown Thursdays, 4pm, and Sundays, 1pm, through Nov. 4; *Jules Kirschenbaum: The Last Paintings*, through Oct. 28; *Invention in Lithography*, through Nov. 11. (See Words for lectures)

THE A LIST

Calendar listings are free, on a space-available basis. Mail PO Box 736, Iowa City, Iowa 52244 or e-mail little-village@usa.net

Cabaret

Hancher • Oct. 26-28

The Roundabout Theatre's new staging of this decadent musical classic was proclaimed by veteran New York critic Clive Barnes as "the best musical on Broadway." Skulked along by some of the seediest and best-known songs in theater history—including the title song, "Willkommen," "Tomorrow Belongs to Me," "Mein Herr" and "Money"—*Cabaret* tells the story of an Englishwoman's romance with an American writer, set against the background of Germany at the dawn of the Third Reich. The musical is based on the observations of British writer Christopher Isherwood, who lived in Berlin from 1929 to 1932 and wrote a collection of stories based on his experiences. Playwright John Druten took one of Isherwood's stories, "Sally Bowles," and adapted it for the theatrical stage as *I Am a Camera*. That play was produced on Broadway in 1952, starring Julie Harris. The team of John Kander and Fred Ebb was engaged by Harold Prince to develop a musical version of the play, giving birth to *Cabaret*, and later the hit film starring Joel Grey and Liza Minelli. 8pm Friday, Oct. 26; 2pm and 8pm Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 27 and 28. UI campus, Iowa City, 335-1160.



Fourth Annual Harvest Symposium

Old Brick • Oct. 18, 7-9pm; Oct. 20, 1-5pm

The Harvest Symposiums are the brainchild of North Liberty regionalist writer and publisher Steve Semken. This year's event sprawls over two days and offers hungry lovers of the local and the wild the opportunity to come together and feast. Thursday, Oct. 18, Paul Gruchow, author of *Grass Roots* and *The Necessity of Empty Space*, will deliver the keynote Harvest lecture. There will also be a local photography discussion with Howard Vrankin of West Branch. Saturday, Oct. 20, the symposium explores the native prairie landscape through art, poetry and dance. Former UI English professor Robert Sayre will speak on prairie restoration at 1pm; Joni Kinsey speaks on prairie art at 2pm; Mary Swander gives a poetry reading at 3pm and the Black Eagle Child Dance Troupe performs at 4pm. 26 E. Market St., Iowa City, 338-7868.



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Iowa City 354-4788
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19th DJ Ron Carrol **25** Jude & Michelle Branch

20th Murder City Devils **26** Bent Scepters Reunion

22nd Ming + FS **27** Terrence Parker

23rd Pernice Brothers **30** Josh Martinez

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MUSEUM

Uptown Bill's small Mall

401 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 339-0401

Photography by David Young, a self-taught entomologist who takes photographs utilizing microscope technology; digital photographic images by architect Benjamin Chait.

MUSIC

Clapp Recital Hall

University of Iowa campus, Iowa City, 335-1160

Maia Quartet, Oct. 12, 8pm • St. Paul Sunday Morning: Live with the Iowa Woodwind Quintet, Oct. 14, 3pm • Chamber Orchestra, Oct. 14, 8pm • Annette-Barbara Vogel, violin, and Ayako Tsuruta, piano, Oct. 15, 8pm • OctOBOEfest: Mark Weiger, oboe, and Shari Rhoads, piano, Oct. 19, 8pm • OctOBOEfest: Maia String Quartet with David Weiss, Allen Vogel and Mark Weiger, oboes, Oct. 20, 8pm • OctOBOEfest: Chamber Orchestra with David Weiss, Annette-Barbara Vogel and Mark Weiger, oboes, Oct. 21, 3pm • Juhanni Lagerspetz, piano, Oct. 21, 8pm • Piano Festival Masterclass: Juhani Lagerspetz, piano, Oct. 22, 10am-1pm • La Fosse Baroque Ensemble, Oct. 24, 8pm • Kantorei, Oct. 26, 8pm • Iowa Woodwind Quintet, Oct. 27, 8pm • University Choir, Oct. 28, 3pm • Patrick Jones, saxophone, with Laura Loewen, piano, Oct. 29, 8pm • Piano Festival Masterclass: Valery Kuleshov, piano, Oct. 29, 9am-12pm • Symphony Band and Chamber Wind Ensemble, Oct. 31, 8pm.

CSPS

1103 Third St. SE, Cedar Rapids, 364-4384

Austin songwriter Michael Fracasso, Oct. 14 • Freedy Johnston, Oct. 16 • Honky-tonk hero Ray Wylie Hubbard, Oct. 19 • Iowa songwriters John Smith and Dave Moore, Oct. 20 • Uilleann piper Paddy Keenan, Oct. 21 • Sonia of Disappear Fear, Oct. 24 • Canadian troubadour Garnet Rogers, Oct. 30 • Mexican singer Lila Downs, Nov. 1.

The Deadwood

6 S. Dubuque St., Iowa City, 351-9417

Kelly Pardekooper Band, Oct. 20.

First Avenue Club

1550 S. First Avenue, Iowa City, 337-5527

Charlie Robison, Oct. 17, 9:30pm.

Gabe's

330 E. Washington St., Iowa City, 354-4788

Angle, with Babel Section, Oct. 12 • Red Meat, with Will Whitmore and Bluezillion, Oct. 13 • Recom: Audio Research Report, Oct. 16 • Freedy Johnston, with the Kelly Pardekooper Band, Oct. 17 • Beef Wellington, with Poison Control Center and Shaking Tree, Oct. 18 • Ron Carrol, DJ Alert and others, Oct. 19 • Murder City Devils, with Botch and American Steel, Oct. 20 • Total Chaos, Oct. 21 • Ming and FS, Oct. 22 • Pernice Bros., The Kingsbury Manx, Oct. 23 • Andrew Bird's Bowl of Fire, Oct. 24 • Jude, Michelle Branch, Oct. 25 • The Bent Scepters Reunion Show, Oct. 26 • rotation with Terrence Parker, Oct. 27 • Glasspack, Oct. 28 • Captured by Robots, Oct. 29 • Josh Martinez of Anticon, Oct. 30.

The Green Room

509 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 354-4350

Blues Jam Mondays, Latin Night Tuesdays

Dave Olson Band with Sam Knutson and Shame Train and Ben Schmidt, Oct. 12 • The Greyhounds with Dr. Z's Experiment, Oct. 13 • Amor Belhorn Duo, Oct. 17 • Robert Walter's 20th Congress, with The Diplomats and Hop on Johnny, Oct. 18 • David Zollo and the Body Electric with Brother Trucker, Oct. 19 • Kevin B.F. Burt & The Instigators, Oct. 20 • Jupiter Coyote with Clean Living, Oct. 24 • Skunk River Bandits with The Trollies, Oct. 25 • Giant with Protostar and Nickel-Bag-O-Funk, Oct. 26 • Orquesta de Jazz Y Salsa Alto Maiz, Oct. 27 • Patrick Shannon with Hector Bonet, Oct. 30 • Psycho-Somatic with Racecar Radar and Burn Disco

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Burn, Oct. 31.

Hancher Auditorium

UI campus, Iowa City, 335-1160

American mezzo-soprano Frederica von Stade with the UI Symphony Orchestra, Oct. 17, 8pm.

Harper Hall

Voxman Music Bldg, UI campus, 335-1436

OctOBOefest, Oct. 20: Master class by Allen Vogel, 9:30am; College Oboe Competition winners' recital, 2pm; David Weiss, oboe, English horn and musical saw; Alpha Hackett Walker, oboe and piano, 3:30pm • OctOBOefest, Oct. 21: Master class by Allen Vogel, 9:30am.

IMU Wheelroom

UI campus, Iowa City

Jack Johnson, Oct. 26.

Literary Walk/Tower Place Dedication

Downtown Iowa City, Oct. 13, 1-6:30pm

UI Pan American Steel Drum Band, 2:30-3:30pm • Lazy Boys & the Recliners & Greg Brown, 4:30-6:30pm.

Lou Henri's

630 Iowa Ave., Iowa City, 351-3637

Dustin Busch, acoustic guitar & vocals, Oct. 12 • WAM!!! Womanifesta 2001, Oct. 13 • David Huckfelt, acoustic guitar, Oct. 19 • Pieta Brown, folk/blues, Oct. 20 • Dave Zollo, Zolloistic keys/vocals, Oct. 25 • Mad River Duo, Oct. 26 • Ben Schmidt, acoustic guitar & vocals, Oct. 27.

The Marketplace

511 P St., South Amana, 622-3750, all 7:30-11:30pm
Jean Blum, Oct. 13 • Open Mike Night, Oct. 18 • BillyLee Janey, Oct. 19 • Shoe Money, Oct. 20 • C.A. Waller, Oct. 26 • Mike and Amy Finders, Oct. 27.

The Mill

120 E. Burlington St., Iowa City, 351-9529

The Blue Band, Oct. 12 • Kelly Pardekooper Band, Oct. 13 • Tom Feldman, Oct. 18 • Ben Schmidt, Oct. 19 • Big Wooden Radio, Oct. 20 • Calle Sur, Oct. 21 • Open Mike, Oct. 22 • David Zollo and the Body Electric, Oct. 26 • Joe Price, Oct. 27 • Open Mike, Oct. 29.

Northside Books

203 N. Linn St., Iowa City, 466-9330, Sunday Live!, all 2-3pm

David Huckfelt, floppy-hat blues, Oct. 14 • Martha Eckey, classical piano variety, Oct. 21 • Nica's Dream, with special guests Andrew Knapp (trombone) and Marie Von Behren (vocal), jazz, Oct. 28.

Paramount Theatre

123 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 363-1888 (unless noted otherwise)

Dennis James, organist, CRATOS concert, Oct. 14, 2pm • The Pasadena Roof Orchestra, Oct. 16, 7:30pm, 363-6254 for tickets • Cedar Rapids Symphony, "Classical Classics," Ani Aznavoorian, cello, Oct. 20, 8pm; Oct. 22, 7pm, 366-8203 for tickets • David Lanz, Oct. 21, 7:30pm • CR Symphony Children's Discovery Concert, "Circus Time!," Oct. 27, 2:30 & 4pm, 366-8203 for tickets.

Paul Engle Center

1600 Fourth Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 364-1580

Iowa Songwriter's Workshop, Oct. 28, 2-5pm.

Red Avocado

521 East Washington St., Iowa City, 351-6088, all 6:30-9:30pm

Reality Trio, jazz, Wednesdays • Acoustic Jazz, Thursdays • Annie Savage, harpist, Fridays • Mad River Duo, clarinet and guitar, Saturdays.

Rock's Roadhouse

1701 Hwy. 1 S, Iowa City, 358-1514

Patrick Hazell, Oct. 20, 8pm.

Sal's Music Emporium

624 S. Dubuque St., Iowa City, 338-7462

Dave Olson and the One-Timers, Oct. 13, 6pm • Irene and the Mad River Band, Oct. 20, 6pm • Black Milk, Oct. 27, 6pm.

Sanctuary

405 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 351-5692

Mark Gratama Quartet, Oct. 13 • Saul Lubaroff Trio, Oct. 19-20 • Brian Harman and Steve Grismore, Oct. 26 • Tornadoes, Oct. 27.

Terrapin Coffee Brewery

Coralville, 341-6647

Mike & Amy Finders, Oct. 25, 8pm.

Third Street Live!

1204 Third St. SE, Cedar Rapids, 365-6141

Gavity Crush, CD-release show with Leven and Joe Bonamasso, Oct. 12 • Benefit for the Victims and their Families of the Sept. 11th Tragedy, with Party Mix Specialists, Bohemian Soul Tribe, Skin Kandy and Greener, Oct. 14, 3pm • Party Mix Specialists, Oct. 20 • Fallen Roadies with the Stumblebums, Oct. 25 • Halloween party with Skin Kandy, Oct. 27.

UI Museum of Art

150 North Riverside Dr., Iowa City, 335-1727

Preview of OctOBOefest, Oct. 12, 7:30pm • Ingenuity on Percussion, Oct. 19, 7:30pm • Iowa Brass Quintet, Oct. 26, 7:30pm.

The Union Bar

Iowa City, 319-339-7713

Charlie Hunter, Keller Williams, Oct. 17 • Culture featuring Joseph Hill, Oct. 18

Uptown Bill's small Mall

401 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 339-0401

Alberto and Maria Valdivieso, Oct. 19, 8-12pm • UI Jazz group, Oct. 25, 10pm-1am.

US Cellular Center

370 First Avenue NE, Cedar Rapids, 363-1888

Slipknot, System of a Down, Rammstein, Mudvayne, No One, American Head Charge, Oct. 14 • Tool, with Tricky, Oct. 20, 7:30pm • Indoor Marching Band Classic, Oct. 29, 7pm.

DANCE

Hancher Auditorium

UI campus, Iowa City, 335-1160

The Houston Ballet, *Firebird*, Oct. 12-13, 8pm.

Paramount Theatre

123 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 363-1888

Tap Dogs, November 1, 7:30pm.

THEATER

CSPS

1103 Third St. SE, Cedar Rapids, 364-4384

Portrait of a Sissy, David De Blied, Honolulu, Oct. 11-13, 8pm

Dreamwell Theatre

10 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 339-7757

Lysistrata, new translation of Aristophanes' classic comedy by award-winning poet X. J. Kennedy, Oct. 12-13, 19-20, 26-27, 8pm.

Hancher Auditorium

UI campus, Iowa City, 335-1160

Cabaret, Tony Award-winning revival, Oct. 26 (8pm), Oct. 27 & 28 (2pm & 8pm).

Iowa City Community Theater
Exhibition Hall, Johnson County
Fairgrounds, Iowa City, 338-0443

Performances Fridays and Saturdays 8pm; Thursday, 7:30pm and Sunday, 2:30pm

Moon Over Buffalo, comedy by Ken Ludwig (*Lend Me a Tenor*, *Crazy for You*) that centers on George and Charlotte Hay, fading stars of repertory theater in 1950s Buffalo, Oct. 26-27, Nov. 1-3, 9-11

Old Creamery Theatre

39 38th Ave., Amana, 800-352-6262

Performances Wednesdays, Friday & Saturdays 8pm; Thursdays & Sundays 3pm



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Brian Harman &
Steve Grismore

Sat Oct 27
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Tornadoes

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405 S. Gilbert @ Court
351-5692 Mon-Sat @ 4pm

Love, Sex and the IRS, comedy farce by William Van Zandt and Jane Milmore, through Oct. 28.

Paramount Theatre

123 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 363-1888
Footloose, Oct. 23-24, 7:30pm

Riverside Theatre

213 N. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 338-7672
Performances Thursdays at 7pm, Fridays (except Sept. 28, no performance) and Saturdays at 8pm and Sundays at 2pm
Walking the Wire: Monologues at Riverside, Oct. 12-14.

UI Theatre

UI campus, Iowa City, 335-1160

O Pioneers!, musical adaptation of the Willa Cather classic of late 19th-century life on the prairie, by UI Playwrights Workshop alumna Darrah Cloud, with music by Kim D. Sherman; through Oct. 21, 8pm, except Sundays, 3pm • *Translated*, by Iowa Playwrights Workshop student Joseph Ferron Hiatt, Oct. 18-21, 8pm (Oct. 21 3pm), Theatre B • *Agamemnon* by Aeschylus and *Electra* by Euripides, Nov. 1, 7:30 & 9pm, David Thayer Theatre.

COMEDY

The Mill

120 E. Burlington St., Iowa City, 351-9529
I.C. Improvs, improvisational comedy, Oct. 25.

WORDS

Becker Communication Studies Bldg.

Rm. 101, UI campus
Rae Armantrout, poetry reading, Oct. 26, 8pm.

Cedar Rapids Museum of Art

410 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 366-7503
"Collecting as an Act of Personal Generosity and Civic Virtue," lecture by John Neff, executive director, Reynolds House, Museum of American Art, Winston-Salem, N.C., Oct. 25, 5:30-6:30pm.

321Chemistry Bldg.

UI campus
Mary Jo Bang, poetry reading, Oct. 19, 8pm.

IC Public Library

123 Linn St., Iowa City, 356-5200
Oct. 16: ICPL librarians discuss banned books, 2001 Carol Spaziani Intellectual Freedom Festival event, live on The Library Channel (local access channel 10), 12pm, Meeting Room A • Oct. 17: Panel featuring community members discussing issues related to the ICCSD Equity Statement and its impact on the National Boy Scouts of America policy banning gays in the scouts, 7pm, Meeting Room A.

International Center Lounge

Iowa City, 335-0128

"Peaceful Poet in the Middle of the South and North Korea Conflict," Man-sik Lee, Oct. 15, 12pm.

Mendala Community Art Gallery

Downtown Oxford

Photographs and collages by Dan Eldon, photo-journalist who was killed on the job in Somalia, IWP writers Viet Huu Tran from Vietnam, Sitok Srengenge from Indonesia, Rehman Rashid from Malaysia, and Victor Aladji from Togo will participate, also screening of a CNN documentary made by Eldon's sister, readings by Jennifer New from her biography of Eldon and a question-and-answer session, Oct. 20, 12-5pm.

The Mill

120 E. Burlington St., Iowa City, 351-9529
Talk/Art/Cabaret, performance art, readings, etc., Oct. 17, 24.

Prairie Lights

15 S. Dubuque St., Iowa City (unless otherwise noted), 337-2681, all 8pm (unless otherwise noted)

International Writing Program/Writers' Workshop reading, fiction writers Victor Aladji, Togo, and Andrey S. Bychkov, Russia, with poet Nathan Hoks, Oct. 14, 5pm • Jael Silliman, UI assistant professor of Womens Studies reads from her family memoir, *Jewish Portraits, Indian Frames*, Oct. 15 • Rebecca Wee reads from her new collection of poetry, *Uncertain Grace*, Oct. 16 • Chuck Miller, reads from his new book of poems, *Crossing the Kattegat*, Oct. 17 • Leigh Bienen reads her collection of short stories, *The Left-Handed Marriage*, Oct. 18 • UI Writers' Workshop grad Brady Udall reads from his new novel, *The Miracle Life of Edgar Mint*, Oct. 19 • Ben Rice, Great Britain, and Antonia Logue, Ireland, IWP fiction reading, Oct. 20, 6pm • Mark Salzman reads from his new novel, *Lying Awake*, Oct. 22 • David Hamilton, UI professor of English and editor of *The Iowa Review*, reads from *Deep River*, his tribute to the farm in Missouri on which he grew up, Oct. 23 • Italian translator Lawrence Venuti reads from his translation of Iginio Tarchetti's fiction and talks about the problems of translation, Oct. 24 • Poet Kathy Whitcomb reads from *Saints of South Dakota and Other Poems*, Oct. 25 • Will Self reads from his new novel, *How the Dead Liv*, Oct. 26 • Medi Loekito, Indonesia, and Dariusz Sosnicki, Poland, IWP reading, Oct. 28, 5pm • Eric Ambler reads from his spy novel, *Kingdom of Shadows*, Oct. 29 • UI Poetry Workshop grad Alex Chee reads from his first novel, *Edinburgh*, Oct. 30 • Rebecca Wolff, poet and editor of *Fence Magazine*, reads from her new collection, *Manderley*, Nov. 1.

Old Brick

26 E. Market St., Iowa City
"Call of the Wild," Fourth Harvest Symposium,

keynote lecture by Paul Gruchow, author of *Grass Roots* and *The Necessity of Empty Space*, local photography discussion with Howard Vrankin of West Branch, Oct. 18, 7-9pm • "Prairie Roots," Fourth Harvest Symposium, exploring Iowa's native prairie, Oct. 20, 1-5pm.

Senior Center

28 S. Linn St., Iowa City, 356-5220

"Lessons from the Light: The Near-Death Experience," presenters Loni Parrott and Thomas Gates, Oct. 15, 10:30am-12:30pm • "The History and Legends of Halloween," presenter Alvin Schroeder, Oct. 25, 10-11am.

Shambaugh Auditorium

Main Library, UI campus, 335-0128

Annual Paul Engle Reading: W.S. Merwin, poetry reading, Oct. 12, 8pm.

UI

Iowa City, 335-0128

"Lost and Found: The Art of Translation," second annual International Writing Program Festival, public readings, lectures and panel discussions by illustrious translators from around the world, Oct. 12-14, Iowa Memorial Union, UI campus, for more info: <http://www.uiowa.edu/~iwp>.

UI Museum of Art

150 North Riverside Dr., Iowa City, 335-1727

"Flying Cafe Europa," readings, film and discussion, Oct. 18, 7pm • "William Hogarth and the Topography of Decay," Pamela Trimpe, speaker, Oct. 25, 7:30pm.

Voxman Music Bldg

UI campus, 335-1436

Musicology and Theory Colloquium, Karl Braunschweig, speaker, Oct. 19, 1:30 p.m., Rm 1027 • "Verdi's Political Message," Pierluigi Petrobelli, speaker, Oct. 22, 7:30pm, Harper Hall.

EVENTS

Human Rights Awards Breakfast

IMU, Second Floor Ballroom, UI campus, Iowa City, Oct. 25, 7:30pm

Keynote speaker, Dr. Phillip Hubbard.

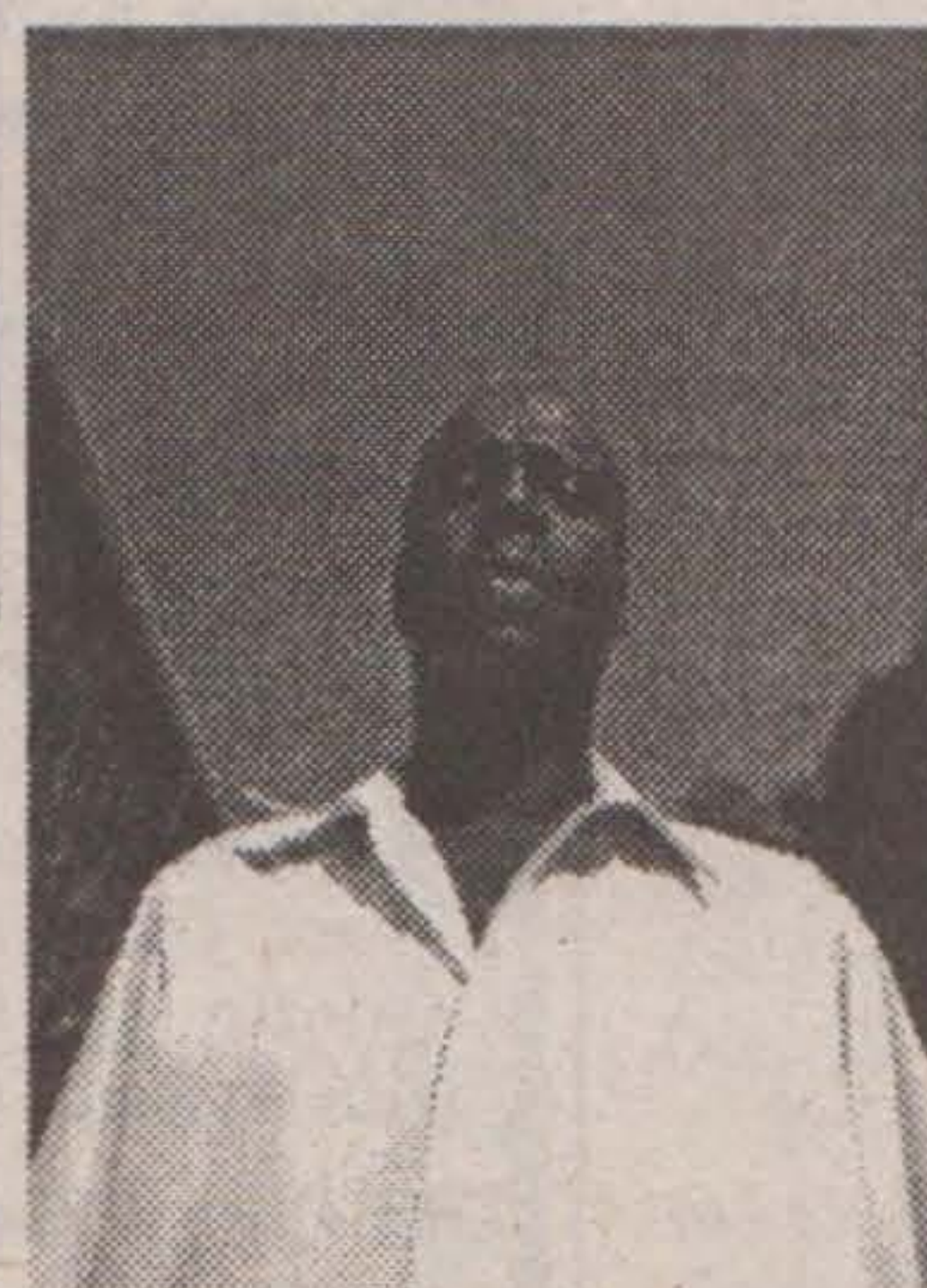
Literary Walk/Tower Place Dedication

Downtown Iowa City, Oct. 13, 1-6:30pm

Tower Place open house, 1-3pm • Clock Tower Tea Party with Miss Spider, 1:30-2pm, Cottage Bakery & Café • Tower Place & Clock Dedication, 2-2:30pm • Children's activities, 2-5:30pm • Readings by Author's Featured on Literary Walk, 2-4pm, Prairie Lights • Live music, including UI Pan American Steel Drum Band, 2:30-3:30pm • Iowa Avenue Literary Walk Dedication, 4-4:30pm • Live music: Lazy Boys & the Recliners & Greg Brown, 4:30-6:30pm • Authors Reception, 5:30pm, Biology



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FOR MORE INFO: 351-2000 / www.westmusic.com

Bldg. East and Skywalk.

Lou Henri's

630 Iowa Ave., Iowa City, 351-3637

WAM!!! Womanifesta 2001, music, art and literature by women, Oct. 13.

PATV Silent Art Auction

First United Methodist Church, 214 E. Jefferson, Iowa City, Oct. 27

Large paintings, prints, ceramic pieces, artists' books and more, doors open at 10am and the bidding ends at 4pm.

Robert A. Lee Community Recreation Center

220 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 356-5100

Iowa City Recreation Division Halloween Parade and Carnival, Oct. 26, 6:15-8:30pm.

MEETINGS

City of Iowa City

Civic Center, 410 E. Washington St., Iowa City (unless noted otherwise), 356-5236

Oct. 16: Special Council Work Session, smoking in restaurants, 6:30-8:30pm, Harvat Hall • Oct. 22: Special Council Work Session, 6:30pm, Harvat Hall • Oct. 23, Special Council Formal Meeting, 7pm, Harvat Hall.

POLITICS

IC Public Library

123 Linn St., Iowa City, 356-5200

The Heritage Agency Legislative Forum, area state legislators discuss state funding of Iowa services, live on The Library Channel (local access channel 10), Oct. 15, 1pm, Meeting Room A.

MISC

Ruby's Pearl

13 S. Linn St., Iowa City, 248-0032

Stitch 'n' Bitch, bring your sewing, knitting or whatever and bitch or gab, every Wednesday, 6-7pm.

FILM/VIDEO

Becker Communication Studies Bldg.

Rm. 203, UI campus

Blush, film screening and discussion, Yu Yunshan, speaker, Oct. 26, 7pm, 335-0128 for more info • *Raise the Red Lantern*, film screening and discussion, Su T'ung, speaker, Oct. 27, 7pm, 335-0128 for more info.

Bijou

Iowa Memorial Union, UI campus, Iowa City, 335-3041

Chopper, Australian flick compared to *Reservoir Dogs*, 7pm Oct. 12, 14, 16; 9pm Oct. 13, 15, 17 • *Everybody Famous*, Oscar-nominated Belgium film about a factory worker who dreams of becoming a songwriter, 7pm Oct. 13, 15, 17; 9pm Oct. 12, 14, 16 • *Memento*, lauded thriller by writer-director Christopher Nolan, 5pm Oct. 18-19, 21; 7pm Oct. 22-24; 7:30pm Oct. 20; 9pm Oct. 22-24; 9:30pm Oct. 18-21 • *Nico and Dani*, Spanish film about two teen-age boys who discover love and sex, 5pm Oct. 20; 7:30pm Oct. 18-19, 21 • *Himalaya*, French movie by Eric Valli about the lives of people whose ancient traditions survive in the modern world, 7pm Oct. 25-31; 9:30pm Oct. 25-31 • *Rocky Horror Picture Show*, 12am, Oct. 26-27.

Cedar Rapids Museum of Art

410 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 366-7503

"American Visions: The History of American Art and Architecture," video series, Oct. 24, 12-1pm

UI Museum of Art

150 North Riverside Dr., Iowa City, 335-1727

"Flying Cafe Europa," readings, film and discussion, Oct. 18, 7pm.

GUESS WHOSE TATTOO



Tattoo by Kris Evans @ Endorphinden Tattoo

If you know who is the bearer of this tattoo, be the first person to email us your name, address and phone number at

little-village@usa.net and you'll win 2 free tickets to Riverside Theatre!

Good Luck! **little village**

little-village@usa.net

Third Annual Public Access Television

SILENT

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October 27th 10am-4pm

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214 East Jefferson Street



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Sandy Dyas
Vicky Grube
Iowa Artisans Gallery
Kymberly Koester
Louise Rauh
Grover V. Rosenkild
Gina Schulte
Kathy Thor
Patti Zwick

Public Access Television is a non-profit organization.
for more information call us at: 338-7035
patv@avalon.net **www.icpatv.org**

The Green Room

①7 Amor Belhorn Duo
w/ Pieta & Benson

①8 Robert Walter's
20th Congress
w/ THE DIPLOMATS
Hop On Johnny

①9 David Zollo
and The Body Electric
w/ Brother Trucker

②0 KEVIN B.F. BURT
& THE INSTIGATORS

②4 JUPITER COYOTE
w/ Clean Living

②5 Skunk River Bandits
w/ The Trolleys

②6 Giant
w/ Protostar
Nickel-Bag-O-Funk

②7 ORQUESTA DE JAZZ
Y SALSA ALTO MAIZ

③0 PATRICK SHANNON
w/ Hector Bonet
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③1 Psycho-Somatic
w/ Racecar Radar
Burn Disco Burn

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Nov. 2: Still Gravy
Nov. 9: Schliegho

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STARS OVER

Iowa City

by Dr. Star

FORECAST FOR OCTOBER 16-31, 2001 • Write Dr. Star at doctorwinkler@home.com



ARIES (March 21–April 19) Straddling two uncertain and difficult situations, one local and one at a distance, is taxing indeed. It could also be expensive, and money will remain scarce for awhile. Your instincts are especially sharp and reliable now, but you are operating amidst increased confusion and pressure. Current negotiations seem slow-going and promise only modest gains. However slow the pace or modest the gains, these negotiations are laying a solid foundation for future achievements. Persistence will eventually yield generous rewards.



TAURUS (April 20–May 20) Higher-ups are upset and increasingly testy because their plans have been torpedoed. Everybody's operative assumptions have been overturned. Strategic plans, once set in concrete, are now fluid, but they should be. They badly needed changing. Your instincts are especially sharp now and your luck remains strong so you can sort through the mess. Many friends and partners are beset by confusion, anxiety and outright fear. Taureans are less vulnerable to these things, however. You can have a calming effect.



GEMINI (May 21–June 20) Geminis are now on the move. The only thing more impressive than the heavy stuff going down around you is your skill and luck in dealing with it. The obstacles are truly daunting and your power seems, well, slight in comparison. However, your actions are gracious, nimble, well-thought-out and surprisingly effective. You will find a safe and acceptable way to go despite a continuing series of disconcerting events, mounting pressure, and the fear and confusion of others.



CANCER (June 21–July 22) You feel like a child underfoot. Lots of authority figures, people at higher levels in important areas of your life, are preoccupied and scrambling and just not paying much attention to you. They aren't keeping you informed. They aren't seeking your input. They don't mind that you are upset and worried. They aren't concerned that you question a lot of what they are doing. Don't worry. These people are moving faithfully, reliably and quickly to protect your interests.



LEO (July 23–Aug 22) Your urge to play, to create or just mess around has rarely been so strong. Nor has it ever been in such sharp conflict with your sense of social responsibility and your desire to help people out. Indeed, both urges are getting stronger, and so is the conflict between them. In the next couple of weeks you will find a thousand opportunities, in big ways and in small ways, to fulfill these needs and to resolve the conflict between them.



VIRGO (Aug 23–Sept 22) Certain parties still think they have power over you. They are getting ready to put you where they want you without regard for who and what you are, again. Their motives and their methods are doubtful. And they will not succeed. You will. When will these guys learn? Their hold over you has ended. Your ways have parted. They cannot delay your imminent success. Plan financial aspects of your coming expansion carefully. The economic road ahead is full of turns.



LIBRA (Sept 23–Oct 22) A rock and a hard place? You'll waltz right between them. Impenetrable fog? You'll see right through it. A rocking boat? You'll juggle six martinis on the deck of a rocking boat without spilling a drop. They should put Librans in charge of everything, make them prime minister, at least. But the planets want Librans to take it easy—play, even. Be patient with other mortals who aren't as clear-sighted or sure-footed right now—by a long shot.



SCORPIO (Oct 23–Nov 21) There are clear signs of progress in long-standing family problems. All concerned are moving in a better direction. However, open conflict is still a distinct possibility. Pressures are building along financial fault lines again, too. Needed changes in financial areas will occupy you for awhile to come. Growing personal clarity will help bring solutions to these financial puzzles. Your old attitudes toward money are changing in a helpful way. Shake off occasional fatigue. Don't let worries get you down.



SAGITTARIUS (Nov 22–Dec 21) There is a lot of anxiety and potential aggravation over a problematic local issue. Public misunderstandings over this issue are upsetting and potentially embarrassing. Pressure is building up again between yourself and key partners over this and related matters. There is mutual affection and respect. Your thinking is sound. There is real trust, also. It just isn't possible to accomplish anything big right now. Foundations can be laid for solid accomplishments in the future. Your ideas will eventually be realized.



CAPRICORN (Dec 22–Jan 19) Negotiations between partners, yourself and higher-ups seem unsatisfying and unpromising. It isn't just the bickering, the quibbling and the unrealistic assumptions. There isn't enough on the table yet to solve the problem. Do not underestimate the seriousness, the commitment or the resourcefulness of those involved or the good you can eventually achieve together. You can build on these results later. There is more going on than meets the eye and you have much to gain by seeing it through.



AQUARIUS (Jan 20–Feb 18) Your pioneering and creative ideas are proving successful and attracting a lot of attention. People are considering the implications for their own lives. Immediate, complete acceptance is not in evidence, however. Lots of people are getting on board. Others are not sure they like what they see, but they aren't running in the opposite direction, either. People in power are most hesitant. Time really is on your side. Your ideas will eventually achieve solid acceptance in the public mind.



PISCES (Feb 19–March 20) You are famous for a questioning, combative approach to things and your cynical, hard-nosed take on new ideas and beliefs. However, in recent years, your attitudes have quietly undergone a transformation. It is important now to let people know your attitudes have broadened and softened. The success of business and personal relationships heavily depend on it. Integrating these new ideas into your old life could feel awkward. However, people will come to like and depend on the new you.

Strange but True!

News Quirks

Compiled by Roland Sweet

Homeland Security

When a store clerk in Troy, Ohio, reported hearing a can on a shelf ticking shortly after a foreign man left the store, police confirmed the can did emit a high-pitched whistle. Further investigation determined the can contained only green beans, and police could offer no explanation for the sound.

The Southwest Research Institute of San Antonio, Texas, has patented a "rapid deployment countermeasure system," which it said shields public figures from assassination far more effectively than cumbersome bulletproof vests. The person being protected stands behind an open door frame similar to an airport metal detector. When radar antennae sense fast-moving incoming objects, they deploy a bulletproof plastic blanket across the frame fast enough to stop a 9mm bullet fired from 20 yards.

Great Escapes

Charles Maneri Jr. of Cicero, N.Y., was arrested on a felony charge but escaped custody at his arraignment by answering to the name of another inmate who was being arraigned for violating an open-container law. A few minutes later, the bailiff called Maneri's name. When no one answered, sheriff's deputies realized what had happened. Sheriff's department spokesperson John D'Eredita said investigators were unsure how Maneri was able to make the switch since he is 37, 5-feet-5, 150 pounds and white, and the other prisoner is 16, 5-feet-8, 124 pounds and black.

Three prisoners escaped from a French jail in Corsica when officials received a fake fax ordering their release. Written on official stationery, the fax was signed by the magistrate who was investigating the men. Prison officials said they were so sure the fax was real that they never thought to check the number where it originated or contact the judge to confirm his order.

Seventeen inmates escaped from a Brazilian prison in Sao Paulo state by threatening a guard with a homemade cardboard gun. Globo News television reported the cardboard came from the prison's arts and crafts workshop.

Life in the Fast Lane

A Connecticut car rental agency began charging its customers who exceed the speed limit, using information obtained by monitoring the vehicles' global positioning system. The practice by New Haven-based Acme-Rent-A-Car came to light after a customer who rented a minivan questioned a \$450 charge and was told the rental agreement warned that he would have to pay \$150 each time he drove over the speed limit. The man notified state authorities, who lodged a complaint against Acme seeking to stop the practice as deceptive.

Animal Detectives

Russian army deserter Viktor Borovik managed to elude authorities for six years on Kamchatka peninsula until he accidentally set his hideout on fire after drinking home-brewed alcohol. The smell of rotting flesh from burns covering 40 percent of Borovik's body attracted a bear. Hunters tracking the bear came across Borovik and took him to the hospital in serious condition.

Britain's MI5 spy agency disclosed that in the 1970s it devised a plan to train gerbils to catch foreign spies. The rodents were to be stationed at airports to smell passers-by. Whenever they detected a surge of adrenaline in someone's sweat, indicating the person was nervous and thus a likely suspect, the rodents were supposed to press a lever to alert authorities. The plan was dropped, the *London Telegraph* reported, after the agency discovered the gerbils couldn't distinguish between espionage agents and people who were just nervous because they were flying.

When Guns Are Outlawed

Police in Syracuse, N.Y., accused Willie J. Jones, 32, of trying to rob three people using gasoline and a lighter. A fourth victim, Dwight Furet, ran away after he said Jones doused him "from head to toe" and tried to set him on fire. He alerted the police, who found Jones bleeding from his chest. He insisted Furet stabbed him, but Furet said Jones probably stabbed himself with a machete he tried to pull from his pants after failing to set him on fire. Officers charged Jones after locating the 24-inch weapon and discovering Jones was wearing a machete sheath.

Occupational Hazard

Police detectives in Caracas, Venezuela, are getting sick from passive cocaine snorting. Authorities said large quantities of the drug, confiscated in more than 10,000 busts since July 1999, have been stored in cramped offices, where staff members cannot avoid inhaling particles. As a result, many employees are missing work and complaining of breathing difficulties.

Down in the Dumps

Fairfax County, Va., one of the nation's most affluent counties, has formed a Hoarding Task Force to deal with the problem of people accumulating items that appear to be useless or of limited value to the extent that their homes become unsafe or unhealthy to live in. In August, the *Washington Post* reported the task force has about 40 active cases and expects to handle at least 100 this year. "It's a growing mental health problem," county Supervisor Gerald E. Connolly said. "You've got somebody who's got a behavioral problem, but you've also got a neighborhood that's being held hostage by it."

Putting the Ban in Taliban

Mullah Mohammed Omar, the leader of Afghanistan's Taliban militia, issued a ban on lipstick, chess boards, playing cards, satellite dishes, musical instruments, cassette tapes, computers, videos, television sets, films, film-making equipment, billiard tables and anything that depicts a living thing, human or animal. The decree, which will be enforced by the Taliban's religious police, stipulates that "the prevention of evil and the promotion of virtue is the main and important task of the Islamic Emirate of Afghanistan."

Compiled from the nation's press by Roland Sweet. Send original clippings, citing source and date, to P.O. Box 8130, Alexandria VA 22306.

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Friday Oct 19 **Ben Schmidt** 10COVER 9PM

Saturday Oct 20 **BIG WOODEN RADIO** 9PM

Sunday Oct 21 **Calle Sur** 7PM

Monday Oct 22 **Open Mike** 10COVER 8PM

Wednesday Oct 24 **Talk/Art/Cabaret** 9PM

Thursday Oct 25 **I.C. IMPROVS** 10COVER 9PM

Friday Oct 26 **David Zollo and the Body Electric** 9PM

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Monday Oct 29 **Open Mike** 10COVER 8PM

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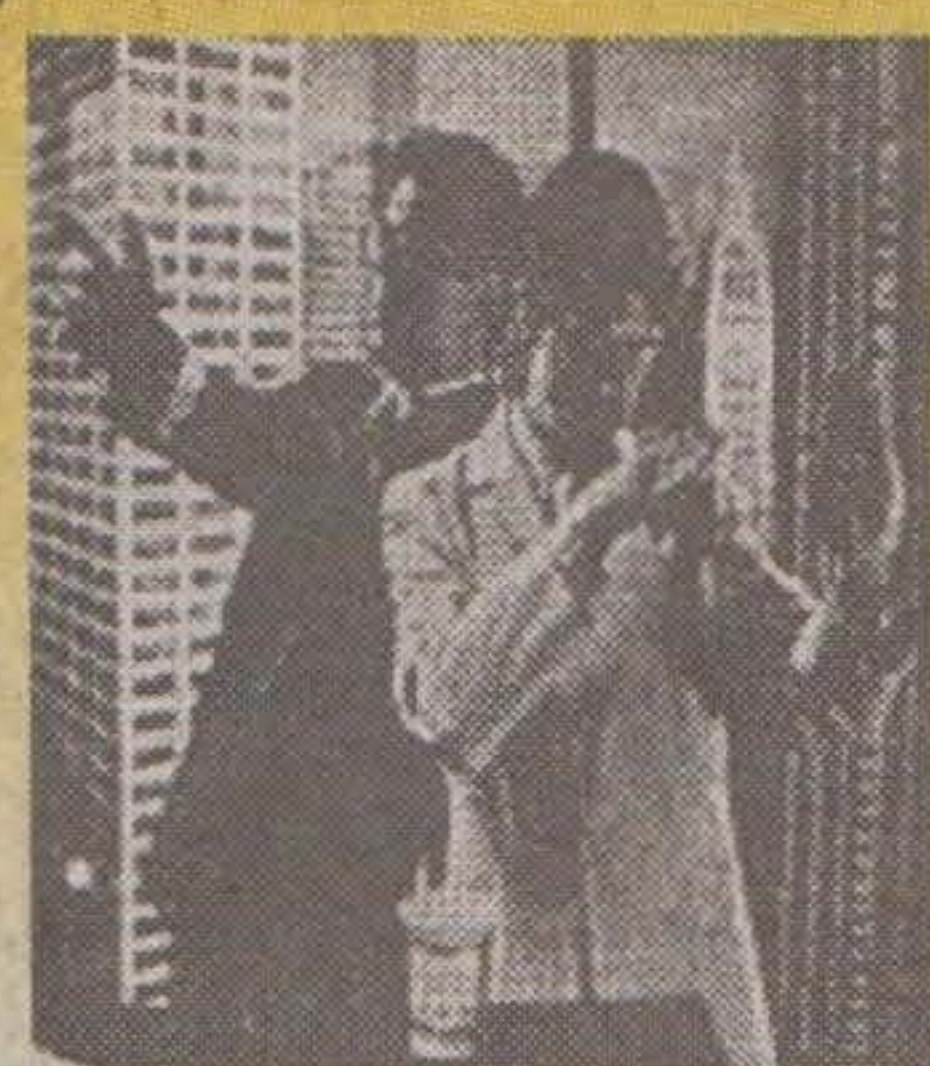


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